



THE
NEW ENGLISH DRAMA,

WITH

PREFATORY REMARKS,

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND NOTES,

Critical and Explanatory ;

*Being the only Edition existing which is faithfully marked
with the*

STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS PERFORMED

At the Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, COMEDIAN.

From the Last London Edition.

VOLUME SIX.

CONTAINING

RICHARD III.—LIONEL AND CLARISSA.—
CRITIC.

BOSTON ;

WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET.

1824.

Oxberry's Edition.

RICHARD THE THIRD,

A TRAGEDY ;

By W. Shakspeare.

ADAPTED TO THE STAGE BY COLLEY CIBBER.

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B O S T O N :

WELLS AND LILLY,—COURT-STREET.

1822.



1243
 998m
 1824
 v. 6
Remarks.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

“**KING RICHARD THE THIRD**” is among the most popular of Shakspeare’s tragedies, though far inferior to many other efforts of the same mighty master. The reason of this preference is perhaps to be sought in the common passions which it exhibits, and the obvious means by which those passions are made successful. Ambition, or in other words, the desire of acquiring something more than is allotted to us, is a passion proper to all men ; no matter how high or low the object, the affection is the same. Here then is the point of contact between *Richard* and his audience, and the means that he employs add strongly to the impression : they are indeed dexterous and daring in the highest degree, but we see them only in their effects ; the preparation for his gigantic projects, which must, from its nature, be too subtle for common apprehensions, is kept out of sight ; we are hurried from one grand effect to another, without pause, without argument ; and as the dullest souls can admire great consequences, though few can appreciate the means, we follow *Richard* with undivided attention. When at last his crimes have multiplied beyond the bounds of endurance, and disgust is beginning to arise, the poet opens a new source of pleasure in his death.

The characters of *Lady Anne* and *Buckingham*, though obscured by the splendid iniquity of *Richard*, are drawn with wonderful accuracy and power. The first more particularly, is seldom considered as such a creation should be considered ; her very failings endear her to us : weak, but not vicious ; changeful, but not deficient in affection, she is, of all objects, the most calculated for tragic pathos ; her miserable fate is the natural consequence of her errors, but those errors are so skilfully touched, that they only add to our compassion. *Buckingham*, proud, high-minded, and selfish, is the portrait of half mankind ; with all the lesser vices of life he is familiar ; he goes on quickly through a course of iniquity undisturbed ; no feeling of gratitude, or honour, or pity, stops him, till in the end, murder, the last link in the chain, stares him in the face, and even his selfishness is aroused ; but even here, he acts from impulse, and not from any exertion of the understanding ; his vices and virtues are the effect of habit.

Of Cibber's alteration it is scarcely necessary to say much ; he has improved the play, but he has destroyed the poem. Shakspeare had originally conducted the plot with sufficient abruptness, but this is tenfold increased under the hands of Cibber ; still he deserves no little credit, and if the soliloquy on conscience be really his production, and of this there seems no rational cause for doubt, Pope's snarling criticism, in the *Dunciad*, reflects disgrace upon himself and not his victim ; but Pope was an ungenerous enemy, a worse friend : on the one he would trample when fallen, and the other he would deceive when trusting.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is three hours and fourteen minutes. The first act occupies the space of forty minutes—the second, thirty-nine—the third, thirty-five—the fourth, forty-two—the fifth, thirty-eight.—The half price commences, generally, at about nine.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.	- - - - -	is meant	- - - - -	Right Hand.
L.H.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Left Hand.
S.E.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Second Entrance.
U.E.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Upper Entrance.
M.D.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Middle Door.
D.F.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Door in Flat.
R.H.D.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Left Hand Door.

Costume.

GLOSTER.—First Dress.—Scarlet doublet, trunks, hose, hat, cloak, and russet boots.—Second Dress.—Black ditto ditto, trimmed with gold, crimson velvet robe, white hose, shoes, and plush hat.—Third Dress.—Armour body, and hat.

KING HENRY.—Purple robe and tunic richly embroidered, the robe trimmed with ermine, and a tippet of ermine.

PRINCE OF WALES.—First Dress.—White satin tunic, crimson velvet robe Ibid.—Second Dress.—Black tunic, Ibid.

DUKE OF YORK.—First Dress.—White satin tunic, hose and shoes.—Second Dress.—Black tunic, Ibid.

BUCKINGHAM.—Black velvet robe, and fawn coloured tunic, richly embroidered

NORFOLK.—Scarlet tunic richly embroidered, breast-plate and helmet

OXFORD.—First Dress.—Green robe and tunic embroidered.—Second Dress.—Tunic, breast-plate and helmet.

Richmond.—Buff tunic, scarlet pantaloons, breast-plate, helmet, russet boots, &c.

STANLEY.—First Dress.—Purple robe, orange coloured tunic richly embroidered, hat and feathers.—Second Dress.—Tunic, breast-plate and helmet.

LIEUTENANT.—Green, Ibid.

LORD MAYOR.—Robe and tunic.

CATESBY.—First Dress.—Light blue velvet robe, light brown tunic, embroidered.—Second Dress.—Tunic and breast-plate.

RATCLIFF.—First Dress.—Black velvet tunic embroidered.—Second Dress.—Breast-plate and helmet.

TRESSEL.—Dark green, Ibid.

BLUNT.—Crimson, Ibid.

Richard's Soldiers, Ibid.

Richmond's Soldiers, Grey, Ibid.

Officers, coloured tunics to correspond with the Soldiers.

QUEEN.—First Dress.—White cloth, embroidered with gold, large sleeves hanging from the wrists, shoulder robe of the same; white crape handkerchief embroidered with gold, and tiara of jewels.—Second Dress.—Black velvet, and crape robe.

LADY ANNE—Black velvet dress, black crape handkerchief, bugle tiara

DUCHESS OF YORK.—Black velvet dress and robe, crape handkerchief, and bugle tiara.

Four Ladies,—dresses, &c. to correspond.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-lane.</i>	<i>Covent-garden.</i>
<i>King Henry the Sixth</i>	Mr. Pope.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Prince of Wales</i>	Miss C. Carr.	Miss Boden.
<i>Duke of York</i>	Miss G. Carr.	Miss C. Boden.
<i>Richard, Duke of Gloster</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Macready.
<i>Duke of Buckingham</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Terry.
<i>Duke of Norfolk</i>	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Comer.
<i>Richmond</i>	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Lord Stanley</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Catesby</i>	Mr. Hamblin.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Ratcliff</i>	Mr. Elliot.	Mr. Treby.
<i>Oxford</i>	Mr. Coveney.	Mr. Menage.
<i>Blunt</i>	Mr. Read.	Mr. King.
<i>Lieutenant of the Tower</i>	Mr. Foote.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Tressel</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Lord Mayor</i>	Mr. Meredith.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Tirrel</i>	Mr. Vining.	Mr. Norris.
<i>Forest</i>	Mr. Hudson.	Mr. White.
<i>Dighton</i>	Mr. Moreton.	Mr. Louis.
<i>Officer</i>	Mr. Buxton.	Mr. Howell.
 <i>Queen</i>	 Mrs. Glover.	 Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Lady Anne</i>	Mrs. W. West.	Mrs. Yates.
<i>Duchess of York</i>	Mrs. Knight.	Mrs. Connor.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A View of the Keep, and Gardens of the White Tower.*

Enter LIEUTENANT *and* OFFICER, R.H.

Lieut. HAS King Henry walk'd forth this morning?

Off. No, sir; but it is near his hour.

Lieut. At any time when you see him here,
Let no stranger into the garden;
I would not have him star'd at. (*Officer crosses behind, to L.H.*) See, who's that,
Now ent'ring at the gate. (*Knocking within, L.H.*)

Off. Sir, the Lord Stanley.

Lieut. Leave me.— [*Exit Off., L.H.*]

Enter LORD STANLEY, L.H.

My noble lord, you're welcome to the Tower:
I heard last night you late arrived with news
Of Edward's victory, to his joyful queen.

Stan. Yes, sir, and I am proud to be the man
That first brought home the last of civil broils ;
The houses now of York and Lancaster,
Like bloody brothers fighting for a birth-right,
No more shall wound the parent that would part
'em ;

Edward now sits secure on England's throne.

Lieut Near Tewksbury, my lord, I think they
fought :

Has the enemy lost any men of note ?

Stan. Sir, I was posted home,
Ere an account was taken of the slain ;
But as I left the field, a proclamation
From the king was made in search of Edward,
Son to your prisoner, king Henry the Sixth,
Which gave reward to those discov'ring him,
And him his life if he'd surrender.

Lieut That brave young prince, I fear's unlike
his father,
Too high of heart to brook submissive life :
This will be heavy news to Henry's ear,
For on this battle's cast his all was set.

Stan. King Henry and ill-fortune are familiar ;
He ever threw with an indifferent hand,
But never yet was known to lose his patience :
How does he pass the time, in his confinement ?

Lieut. As one whose wishes never reach'd a
crown ;
The king seems dead in him, but, as a man,
He sighs sometimes in want of liberty.
Sometimes he reads, and walks, and wishes
That fate had bless'd him with a humbler birth,
Not to have felt the falling from a throne.

Stan. Were it not possible to see this king?
They say he'll freely talk with Edward's friends,
And even treats them with respect and honour.

Lieut. This is his usual time of walking forth,
(For he's allowed the freedom of the garden,)
After his morning prayer; he seldom fails:
Behind this arbour we unseen may stand
Awhile to observe him. *(They retire, L.H.)*

Enter KING HENRY, R.H.

King H. By this time the decisive blow is
struck,
Either my queen and son are bless'd with
victory,
Or I'm the cause no more of civil broils.
Would I were dead, if heav'n's good-will were so,
For what is in this world but grief and care?
What noise and bustle do kings make to find it;
When life's but a short chace, our game content,
Which most pursu'd is most compell'd to fly;
And he that mounts him on the swiftest hope,
Shall often run his courser to a stand;
While the poor peasant from some distant hill,
Undanger'd, and at ease, views all the sport,
And sees content take shelter in his cottage.

Stan. He seems extremely moved.

Lieut. Does he know you?

Stan. No, nor would I have him.

Lieut. We'll show ourselves.

(They come forward, L.H.)

King H. Why, there's another check to proud
ambition:

That man received his charge from me, and now
 I am his prisoner,—he locks me to my rest.
 Such an unlook'd for change who could suppose,
 That saw him kneel to kiss the hand that rais'd
 him !

But that I should not now complain of,
 Since I to that, 'tis possible may owe
 His civil treatment of me.—'Morrow, Lieutenant :
 Is any news arriv'd ?—Who's that with you ?

Lieut. A gentleman that came last night express
 From Tewksbury.—We've had a battle.

King H. Comes he to me with letters, or advice ?

Lieut. Sir, he's king Edward's officer, your foe.

King H. Then he won't flatter me.—You're
 welcome, sir ; (*Lieut. retires a little, L.H.*)
 Not less because you are king Edward's friend,
 For I have almost learn'd myself to be so ;
 Could I but once forget I was a king,
 I might be truly happy, and his subject.
 You've gained a battle ; is't not so ?

Stan. We have, sir,—how, will reach your
 ear too soon.

King H. If to my loss, it can't too soon,—
 pray speak,
 For fear makes mischief greater than it is.
 My queen ! my son ! say, sir, are they living ?

Stan. Since my arrival, sir, another post
 Came in, and brought us word your queen and son
 Were prisoners now at Tewksbury.

King H. Heaven's will be done ! the' hunters
 have 'em now,
 And I have only sighs and prayers to help 'em.

Stan. King Edward, sir, depends upon his sword ;

Yet prays heartily when the battle's won ;
And soldiers love a bold and active leader.
Fortune, like women, will be close pursued ;
The English are high mettled, sir, and 'tis
No easy part to fit 'em well ;—King Edward
Feels their temper, and 'twill be hard to throw
him.

King H. Alas ! I thought them men, and
rather hop'd
To win their hearts by mildness than severity.
My soul was never formed for cruelty :
In my eyes justice has seem'd bloody ;—
When on the city gates I have beheld
A traitor's quarters parching in the sun,
My blood has turn'd with horror at the sight ;
I took 'em down, and buried with his limbs
The memory of the dead man's deeds ;—perhaps
That pity made me look less terrible,
Giving the mind of weak rebellion spirit ;
For kings are put in trust for all mankind,
And when themselves take injuries, who is safe ?
If so, I have deserv'd these frowns of fortune.

Enter OFFICER, L.H.

Off. Sir, here's a gentleman brings a warrant
For his access to king Henry's presence.

Lieut. I come to him. [*Exit Officer, L.H.*]

Stan. His business may require your privacy ;
I'll leave you, sir, wishing you all the good
That can be wish'd,—not wronging him I serve.

King H. Farewell !

[*Exeunt Stanley and Lieutenant, L.H.*

Who can this be ?—A sudden coldness,
Like the damp hand of death, has seized my
limbs :

I fear some heavy news !—

Re-enter LIEUTENANT, L.H.

Who is it, good Lieutenant ?

Lieut. A gentleman, sir, from Tewksbury :
he seems

A melancholy messenger,—for when I ask'd
What news, his answer was a deep-fetch'd sigh ;
I would not urge him, but I fear 'tis fatal.

[*Exit, L.H.*

King H. Fatal indeed ! his brow's the title page,
That speaks the nature of a tragic volume.—

Enter TRESSEL, L.H.

Say, friend, how does my queen ? My son ?
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness of thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Ev'n such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night ;
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd :
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my poor son's death ere thou relat'st it.
Now would'st thou say,—your son did thus and
thus,
And thus your queen ! so fought the valiant
Oxford ;

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds ;
But, in the end, (to stop my ear indeed,)
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with,—queen and son, and all are dead.

Tres. Your queen yet lives, and many of your friends :

But for my lord your son—

King H. Why, he is dead!—yet speak, I charge thee !

Tell thou thy master his suspicion lies,
And I will take it as a kind disgrace,
And thank thee well, for doing me such wrong.

Tres. Would it were wrong to say ; but, sir, your fears are true.

King H. Yet, for all this, say not my son is dead.

Tres. Sir, I am sorry I must force you to Believe, what would to heav'n I had not seen :
But in this last battle near Tewksbury,
Your son, whose active spirit lent a fire
Ev'n to the dullest peasant in our camp,
Still made his way where danger stood to oppose him.

A braver youth, of more courageous heat,
Ne'er spurr'd his courser at the trumpet's sound.
But who can rule the uncertain chance of war ?
In fine, king Edward won the bloody field,
Where both your queen and son were made his prisoners.

King H. Yet hold : for oh ! this prologue lets me in

To a most fatal tragedy to come.

Died he a prisoner say'st thou ? How ? by grief ?
Or by the bloody hands of those that caught him ?

Tres. After the fight, Edward in triumph ask'd
To see the captive prince ;—the prince was
brought,

Whom Edward roughly chid for bearing arms ;
Asking what reparation he could make
For having stirr'd his subjects to rebellion ?
Your son, impatient of such taunts, replied,
Bow like a subject, proud ambitious York,
While I, now speaking with my father's mouth,
Propose the self-same rebel words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to :
From these, more words arose, till in the end,
King Edward swell'd with what the unhappy
prince

At such a time too freely spoke, his gauntlet
In his young face with indignation struck ;
At which crook'd Richard, Clarence, and the rest,
Buried their fatal daggers in his heart.
In bloody state I saw him on the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.

King H. Oh ! had'st thou stabb'd at every
word's deliverance
Sharp poniards in my flesh, while this was told,
Thy wounds had given less anguish than thy
words.

Oh heav'n ! methinks I see my tender lamb
Gasping beneath the rav'nous wolves' fell gripe !
But say, did all ;—did they all strike him, say'st
thou ?

Tres. All, sir ; but the first wound duke Rich-
ard gave.

King H. There let him stop : be that his last
of ills !

Oh ! barbarous act ! inhospitable men !
 Against the rigid laws of arms, to kill him !
 Was't not enough his hope of birth-right gone,
 But must your hate be levell'd at his life ?
 Nor could his father's wrongs content you ;
 Nor could a father's grief dissuade the deed ?
 You have no children !—butchers, if you had,
 The thought of them would sure have stirr'd
 remorse.

Tres. Take comfort, sir, and hope a better day.

King H. Oh ! who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or wallow naked in December's snow,
 By bare remembrance of the summer's heat ?
 Away ;—by heaven I shall abhor his sight,
 Whoever bids me be of comfort more !
 If thou wilt soothe my sorrows then I'll thank
 thee ;

Ay, now thou'rt kind indeed ! these tears oblige
 me.

Tres. Alas ! my lord, I fear more evils towards
 you.

King H. Why, let it come, I scarce shall feel
 it now :

My present woes have beat me to the ground :
 And my hard fate can make me fall no lower.
 What can it be ?—Give it it's ugliest shape ;—
 Oh ! my poor boy !

Tres. A word does that, it comes in Gloster's
 form.

King. H. Frightful indeed ! give me the worst
 that threatens.

Tres. After the murder of your son, stern
 Richard,
 As if unsated with the wounds he had given,
 With unwash'd hands went from his friends in
 haste ;
 And being asked by Clarence of the cause,
 He low'ring cried, brother, I must to the 'Tower ;
 I've business there ; excuse me to the king :
 Before you reach the town, expect some news ;
 This said, he vanish'd,—and I hear's arrived.

King H. Why then the period of my woes is
 set !
 For ills but thought by him are half perform'd.

Enter LIEUTENANT, *with an Order*, L.H.

Lieut. Forgive me, sir, what I'm compell'd
 t'obey :

An order for your close confinement.

King H. Whence comes it, good Lieutenant ?

Lieut. Sir, from the duke of Gloster.

King H. Good night to all then ;—I obey it.

(*Lieut. retires a little*, R.H.)

And now, good friend, suppose me on my death-
 bed,

And take of me thy last, short-living leave.

Nay, keep thy tears till thou hast seen me dead ;

And when in tedious winter nights, with good

Old folks thou sitt'st up late

To hear 'em tell the dismal tales

Of times long past, ev'n now with woe remem-
 ber'd

Before thou bidd'st good night, to quit their grief,

Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,

And send thy hearers weeping to their beds.
 [*Exeunt, King Henry, and Lieut. R.H. Tressel, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Entrance to the Inner Ward.*

Enter GLOSTER, L.H.

Glos. Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by the sun* of York ;
 And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious
 wreaths,
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
 Our stern alarums are chang'd to merry meet-
 ings ;
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd war has smooth'd his wrinkled
 front ;
 And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute :
 But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
 I,—that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's ma-
 jesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
 I,—that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion.

* Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was a sun, in memory of the *three suns* which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians, at Mortimer's Cross.

Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely, and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
 Why I,—in this weak, piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away my hours,
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on my own deformity:
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, and o'erbear such
 As are of happier person than myself;
 Why then, to me this restless world's but hell,
 Till this mis-shapen trunk's aspiring head
 Be circled in a glorious diadem;—
 But then 'tis fixed on such a height; oh! I
 Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul.
 I'll climb betimes, without remorse or dread,
 And my first step shall be on Henry's head.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*King Henry's Chamber.*—KING
 HENRY *discovered sleeping.*

Enter LIEUTENANT, R.H.D.

Lieut. Asleep so soon, but sorrow minds no
 seasons,
 The morning, noon, and night, with her's the
 same;
 She's fond of any hour that yield's repose.
King H. (Waking.) Who's there! Lieutenant!
 is it you? Come hither!

Lieut. You shake, my lord, and look affrighted.

King H. Oh ! I have had the fearfull'st dream !
such sights,

That, as I live,

I would not pass another hour so dreadful,

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.

Reach me a book ;—I'll try if reading can

Divert these melancholy thoughts.—(*Lieut. gives
him a book which he takes from the table.*)

Enter GLOSTER, R.H.D.

Glos. Good day, my lord ; what, at your book
so hard ?

I disturb you. (*Lieut. advances to R.H.D.*)

King H. You do indeed.

Glos. (*To Lieut.*) Friend, leave us to our-
selves, we must confer.

King H. What bloody scene has Roscius now
to act ? [*Exit Lieut. R.H.D.*]

Glos. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief does fear each bush an officer.

King H. Where thieves without controlment
rob and kill,
The traveller does fear each bush a thief :
The poor bird that has been already lim'd,
With trembling wings misdoubts of every bush :
And I, the hapless mate of one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
By whom my young one bled, was caught, and
kill'd.

Glos. Why what a peevish fool was that of
Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet for all his wings, the fool was drown'd :
Thou should'st have taught thy boy his prayers
alone,
And then he had not broke his neck with climb-
ing.

King H. Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not
thy words ;

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that piercing story ;
But wherefore dost thou come ? Is't for my life ?

Glos. Think'st thou I am an executioner ?

King H. If murdering innocents be executing,
Then thou'rt the worst of executioners.

Glos. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

King H. Had'st thou been kill'd when first
thou didst presume,

Thou had'st not lived to kill a son of mine :
But thou wert born to massacre mankind.
How many old men's sighs, and widows' moans ;
How many orphan's water standing eyes ;
Men for their sons, wives for their husband's fate,
And children for their parent's timeless death,
Will rue the hour that ever thou wert born !
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign !
The night-crow cry'd, foreboding luckless times ;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down
trees ;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung ;
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope.
Teeth had'st thou in thy head when thou wert
born,

Which plainly said, thou cam'st to bite mankind;
 And if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st—

Glos. I'll hear no more ;—die, prophet, in thy
 speech ;

For this, among the rest, was I ordain'd.

(*Stabs him.*)

King H. Oh ! and for much more slaughter
 after this ;

Just heav'n forgive my sins, and pardon thee !

(*Dies.*)

Glos. What ! will the aspiring blood of Lan-
 caster

Sink in the ground ?—I thought it would have
 mounted.—

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's
 death.

Oh, may such purple tears be always shed,
 From those that wish the downfall of our house !
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell, and say I sent the thither ;
 (*Stabs him.*)

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 'tis true what Henry told me of ;

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward ;

The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,

Good heaven bless us ! he is born with teeth !

And so I was which plainly signified,

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Then since the heav'ns have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it !

I have no brother, am like no brother,

And this word love, which grey-beards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me ;—I am,—myself alone.

Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the
light ;

But if I fail not in my deep intent,
'Thou'st not another day to live ; which done,
Heav'n take the weak king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in. [won.
But soft ;—I'm 'sharing spoil, before the field is
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and
reigns,

When they are gone, then I must count my gains.

[*Exit*, R.H.D.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Ludgate.*

*Enter TRESSEL, L.H. meeting LORD STANLEY, who
enters R.H.U.E.*

Tres. My lord, your servant ; pray what
brought you to St Paul's ?

Stan. I came among the crowd, to see the
corpse

Of poor King Henry : 'tis a dismal sight.

But yesterday I saw him in the Tower :
His talk is still so fresh within my memory,
That I could weep to think how fate has used
him.

I wonder where's duke Richard's policy,
In suffering him to lie expos'd to view ;
Can he believe that men will love him for't ?

Tres. O yes, sir, love him as he loves his
brothers.

When was you with king Edward, pray, my lord ?
I hear he leaves his food, is melancholy ;
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Stan. 'Tis thought he'll scarce recover.
Shall we to court, and hear more news of him.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Tres. I am obliged to pay attendance here :
The lady Anne has license to remove
King Henry's corpse to be interred at Chertsey ;
And I'm engag'd to follow her.

Stan. Mean you king Henry's daughter-in-law ?

Tres. The same, sir ; widow to the late prince
Edward,
Whom Gloster killed at Tewksbury.

Stan. Alas ! poor lady, she's severely used :
And yet, I hear, Richard attempts her love :
Methinks the wrongs he's done her might dis-
courage him.

Tres. Neither those wrongs, nor his own
shape, can fright him.

He sent for leave to visit her this morning,
And she was forc'd to keep her bed to avoid him :
But see, she is arriv'd ;—will you along
To see this doleful ceremony ?

Stan. I'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt* R.H. U.E.]

Enter GLOSTER, L.H.

Glos. 'Twas her excuse to avoid me. Alas!
 She keeps no bed :—
 She has health enough to progress far as
 Chertsey,
 Though not to bear the sight of me.
 I cannot blame her ;—
 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb ;
 And, for I should not deal in his soft laws,
 He did corrupt frail nature with a bribe,
 To shrink my arm up like a wither'd shrub,
 To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
 To shape my legs of an unequal size,
 To disproportion me in every part.
 And am I then a man to be belov'd ?
 Oh monstrous thought ! more vain than my am-
 bition.

Enter LIEUTENANT, *hastily*, L.H.

Lieut. My lord, I beg your grace—

Glos. Be gone, fellow ! I'm not at leisure.

Lieut. My lord, the king your brother's taken
 ill.

Glos. I'll wait on him : leave me friend.

[*Exit, Lieut.* L.H.]

Ha ! Edward taken ill !

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
 That from his loins no more young brats may rise,

To cross me in the golden time I look for.

*Enter LADY ANNE, in mourning, LORD STANLEY,
TRESSEL, Guards and Bearers, with
King Henry's Body, R.H. U.E.*

But see, my love appears!—Look where she
shines,

Darting pale lustre, like the silver moon,
Through her dark veil of rainy sorrow!
So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love;
And thus the soldier, arm'd with resolution,
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
'Tis true, my form perhaps may little move her,
But I've a tongue shall wheedle with the devil:
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my
heart;

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
Yet hold, she mourns the man that I have kill'd.
First let her sorrows take some vent:—stand
here;

I'll take her passion in its wane, and turn
This storm of grief to gentle drops of pity,
For his repentant murderer. (*Retires R.H. U.E.*)

Lady A. (Advancing to the centre of the stage.)
Hung be the heavens with black; yield day to
night:

Comets importing change of times and states,
Brandish your fiery tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented to king Henry's death.

Oh ! be accurst the hand that shed his blood,
 Accurst the head, that had the heart to do it ;
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the life of him,
 Than I am now by Edward's death and thine.

Glos. Poor girl, what pains she takes to curse
 herself ! (*Aside.*)

Lady A. If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose hideous form, whose most unnatural as-
 pect,

May fright the hopeful mother at her view,
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !*

Now on to Chertsey, with your sacred load.

Glos. (*Advancing L.H.*) Stay, you that bear
 the corse, and set it down.

Lady A. What black magician conjures up
 this fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glos. Villains, set down the corse ; or, by St.
 Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Guard. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin
 pass.

Glos. Unmanner'd slave ! stand thou when I
 command :

Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
 Or, by St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Lady A. Why dost thou haunt him thus, un-
 sated fiend ?

* Disposition to mischief.

Thou hast but power over his mortal body ;
His soul thou canst not reach, therefore be gone.

Glos. Sweet saint, be not so hard, for charity.

Lady A. If thou delight to view thy heinous
deeds,

Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

Why didst thou do this deed ? Could not the
laws

Of man, of nature, nor of heav'n dissuade thee ?
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of
pity.

Glos. If want of pity be a crime so hateful,
Whence is it thou, fair excellence, art guilty ?

Lady A. What means the slanderer ?

Glos. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these my crimes suppos'd, to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Lady A. Then take that sword, whose bloody
point still reeks

With Henry's life, with my lov'd lord's, young
Edward's,

And here let out thy own, to appease their
ghosts.

Glos. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Lady A. Why, by despairing only canst thou
stand excus'd !

Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glos. I grant ye.

Lady A. O he was gentle, loving, mild, and
virtuous ;—

But he's in heaven, where thou canst never
come.

Glos. Was I not kind to send him thither,
then?

He was much fitter for that place than earth.

Lady A. And thou unfit for any place, but
hell.

Glos. Yes, one place else ;——If you will hear
me name it.

Lady A. Some dungeon.

Glos. Your bed-chamber.

Lady A. Ill rest betide the chamber where
thou liest.

Glos. So it will, madam, till I lie in your's.

Lady A. I hope so.

Glos. I know so. But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our tongues,
And fall to something of more serious method ;
Is not the causer of the untimely deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Lady A. Thou wert the cause, and most ac-
curst effect.

Glos. Your beauty was the cause of that effect :
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in that soft bosom !

Lady A. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These hands should rend that beauty from my
cheeks.

Glos. These eyes could not endure that beau-
ty's wreck :
You should not blemish it, if I stood by :
As all the world is nourish'd by the sun,
So I by that : it is my day, my life !

Lady A. I would it were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glos. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To wish revenge on him that loves thee.

Lady A. Say, rather, 'tis my duty,
To seek revenge on him that kill'd my husband.

Glos. Fair creature he that kill'd thy husband
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Lady A. His better does not breathe upon the earth.

Glos. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Lady A. Name him.

Glos. Plantagenet.

Lady A. Why that was he.

Glos. 'Tis the self-same name, but one of softer nature.

Lady A. Where is he?

Glos. Ah, take more pity in thy eyes, and see him—here!

Lady A. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Glos. I would they were, that I might die at once,

For now they kill me with a living death;

Darting, with cruel aim, despair and love!

I never sued to friend or enemy:

My tongue could never learn soft, soothing words:

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

Lady A. Is there a tongue on earth can speak for thee:

Why dost thou court my hate ?

Glos. Oh teach not thy soft lips such cold contempt.

If thy relentless heart cannot forgive,
Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the honest soul out that adores thee ;
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

(She takes the sword.)

And humbly beg that death upon my knee.

(Kneels.)

Lady A. What shall I say or do ! Direct me,
heaven ! *(Aside.)*

Glos. Nay, do not pause, for I did kill king
Henry !

(She offers to strike.)

But 'twas thy wondrous beauty did provoke me ;
Or now despatch—'twas I that stabb'd young
Edward :

(She offers to strike.)

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on !
And I might still persist (so stubborn is
My temper) to rejoice at what I've done :

(She offers to strike.)

But that thy powerful eyes (as roaring seas
Obey the changes of the moon) have turn'd
My heart, and made it flow with penitence.

(She drops the sword.)

Take up the sword again or take up me.

Lady A. No, though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

(He takes up the sword.)

Glos. (Rises.) Then bid me kill myself, and I
will do it.

Lady A. I have already.

Glos. That was in thy rage ;
Say it again, and even with thy word,
This guilty hand, that robb'd thee of thy love,
Shall, for thy love, revenge thee on thy lover ;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Tres. By heaven, she want's the heart to bid
him do't ! *(Aside to Stan.)*

Stan. What think you now, sir ?
(Aside to Tres.)

Tres. I'm struck ! I scarce can credit what I
see. *(Aside to Stan.)*

Stan. Why, you see,—a woman !
(Aside to Tres.)

Glos. What, not a word, to pardon or con-
demn me ?

But thou art wise,—and canst with silence kill
me ;

Yet even in death my fleeting soul pursues thee :—
Dash not the tears of penitence away !

Lady A. Would'st thou not blame me to for-
give thy crimes ?

Glos. They are not to be forgiven ; no, not
even

Penitence can atone 'em !—Oh misery
Of thought,—that strikes me with at once re-
pentance

And despair !—Though unpardon'd, yield me
pity !

Lady A. Would I knew thy heart !

Glos. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Lady A. I fear me, both are false.

Glos. Then never man was true !

Lady A. Put up thy sword.

Glos. Say, then, my peace is made.

Lady A. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glos. But shall I live in hope ?

Lady A. All men, I hope, live so.

(*He sheaths his sword.*)

Glos. I swear, bright saint, I am not what I was.

Those eyes have turn'd my stubborn heart to
woman ;

Thy goodness makes me soft in penitence,
And my harsh thoughts are turned to peace and
love.

Oh ! if thy poor devoted servant might
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou would'st confirm his happiness for ever.

Lady A. What is't ?

Glos. That it may please thee leave these sad
designs

To him that has most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby house ;
Where,—after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monast'ry this injur'd king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this favour.

Lady A. I do, my lord,—and much it joys
me too,

To see you are become so penitent !—
Tressel, and Stanley, go along with me.

Glos. Bid me farewell.

Lady A. 'Tis more than you deserve :
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell, already.

[*Exeunt Lady A. Stan. and Tres. R.H.*

Guard. Towards Chertsey, my lord ?

Glos. No, to White-friars ; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt Guards, with the body, L.H.U.E.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long. ?

What ! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of my hatred by ;

Having heav'n, her conscience, and these bars
against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks !

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing !

Can she abase her beauteous eyes on me,

Whose all, not equals Edward's moiety ?

On me that halt, and am mis-shapen thus !

My dukedom to a widow's chastity,

I do mistake my person, all this while :

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper* man.

I'll have my chambers lined with looking glass ;

And entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn by body ;

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

* *Proper* in the old language, was *handsome*.

I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn St. Harry to his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I salute my glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*Baynard's Castle.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *hastily*, L.H. ; *meeting* LORD
STANLEY, R.H.

Buck. Did you see the duke ?

Stan. What duke, my lord ?

Buck. His grace of Gloster, did you see him ?

Stan. Not lately, my lord ;—I hope no ill
news.

Buck. The worst that heart e'er bore, or
tongue can utter.

Edward the king, his royal brother's, dead !

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Stan. 'Tis sad indeed !—I wish by your im-
patience

To acquaint him though, you think it so to him :
(*Aside.*)

Did the king, my lord, make any mention
Of a protector for his crown and children ?

Buck. He did ;—Duke Richard has the care
of both.

Stan. That sad news you are afraid to tell him
too. (*Aside.*)

Buck. He'll spare no toils, I'm sure, to fill his
place.

Stan. Pray heav'n he's not too diligent. (*Aside.*)
My lord,—is not that the duchess of York,
The king's mother? coming, I fear, to visit him.

Buck. 'Tis she,—little thinking what has be-
fall'n us.

Enter DUCHESS of YORK, R.H.

Duc. Y. Good day, my lords; how takes the
king his rest?

Buck. Alas! madam, too well!—he sleeps for
ever.

Duc. Y. Dead! good heav'n, support me!

Buck. Madam, 'twas my unhappy lot to hear
His last departing groans, and close his eyes.

Duc. Y. Another taken from me, too! why,
just heav'n,
Am I still left the last in life and woe?
First I bemoan'd a noble husband's death,
Yet liv'd with looking on his images:
But now my last support is gone:—first Cla-
rence,

Now Edward, is forever taken from me:
And I must now of force sink down with sorrow.

Buck. Your youngest son, the noble Richard,
lives:

His love, I know, will feel his mother's cares,
And bring new comfort to your latter days.

Duc. Y. 'Twere new indeed! for yet of him
I've none,
Unless a churlish disposition may
Be counted, from a child, a mother's comfort.
Where is the queen, my lord?

Buck. I left her with her kinsmen, deep in sorrow,
 Who have with much ado persuaded her
 To leave the body.—Madam, she is here.

Enter QUEEN, OXFORD, and BLUNT, L.H.

Queen. (*Speaking as she enters.*) Why do you
 thus oppose my grief? Unless,
 To make me rave and weep the faster? Ha!
 My mother too in tears! fresh sorrow strikes
 My heart at sight of every friend that lov'd
 My Edward living;—Oh mother, he's dead!
 Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!
 Oh! that my eyes could weep away my soul;
 Then I might follow, worthy of his hearse.

Stan. Your duty, madam, of a wife, is dead,
 And now the mother's only claims your care.
 Think on the prince your son;—send for him
 strait,

And let his coronation clear your eyes;
 Bury your griefs in the dead Edward's grave,
 Revive your joys on living Edward's throne.

Queen. Alas! that thought but adds to my afflictions.

New tears for Edward gone, and fears for Edward living;

An helpless child in his minority,
 Is in the trust of his stern uncle Gloster,
 A man that frowns on me, and all of mine.

Buck. Judge not so hardly, madam, of his love:
 Your son will find in him a father's care.

Enter GLOSTER, M.D.

Glos. Why, ah ! these tears look well ;—sorrow's the mode,
And every one at court must wear it now :
With all my heart ; I'll not be out of fashion.
(Aside.)

Queen. My lord, just heaven knows I never
hated Gloster ;
But would, on any terms embrace his friendship.
Buck. These words would make him weep ;
—I know him your's ;
See where he comes in sorrow for our loss.

Glos. (In Centre.) My lords, good morrow,—
Cousin of Buckingham, *(Weeps.)*
I am your's.

Buck. Good morning to your grace.
Glos. Methinks
We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
Buck. We may remember,—but our argument
Is now too mournful to admit much talk.

Glos. It is indeed. Peace be with him that
made it so !

Sister take comfort—'tis true, we've all cause
To mourn the dimming of our shining star ;
But sorrow never could revive the dead ;
And if it could, hope would prevent our tears :
So, we must weep, because we weep in vain.
Madam, my mother !—I do cry you, mercy,
My grief was blind,—I did not see your grace.
(Crosses to Duchess.)

Most humbly on my knees, I crave your blessing.

Duc. Y. (R.H.) Thou hast it, and may thy charitable

Heart and tongue love one another ! may heav'n
Endow thy breast with meekness and obedience.

(Duchess, crosses behind to Queen, L.H.)

Glos. Amen ; and make me die a good old man !
That's the old but-end of a mother's blessing :
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

(Aside.)

Buck. My lords, I think 'twere fit that now
Prince Edward,
Forthwith from Ludlow should be sent for home,
In order to his coronation.

Glos. By all means, my lords ;—Come, let's
to council, *(Crosses to Centre.)*
And appoint who shall be the messengers :

[Exeunt Oxford and Blunt, L.H.D.]

Madam, and you, my sister, please you go
To give your sentiments on this occasion.

Queen. My lord your wisdom needs no help
from me ;—

My glad consent you have in all that's just,
Or for the people's good, though I suffer by't.

Glos. Please you to retire, madam, we shall
propose

What you'll not think the people's wrong, nor
your's.

Queen. May heaven prosper all your good intentions !

[Exeunt all but Glos. and Buck, L.H.D.]

Glos. Amen, with all my heart, for mine's the
crown,

And is not that a good one?—Ha! pray'd she not well cousin?

Buck. I hope she prophecy'd—you now stand fair.

Glos. Now, by St. Paul, I feel it here;—methinks

The massy weight on't galls my laden brow:
What think'st thou, cousin, were't not an easy matter

To get Lord Stanley's hand to help it on?

Buck. My lord, I doubt that; for his father's sake,

He loves the prince too well; he'll scarce be won

To any thing against him.

Glos. Poverty, the reward of honest fools,
O'ertake him for't;—what think'st thou then of Hastings.

Buck. He shall be try'd, my lord;—I'll find out Catesby,

Who shall at subtle distance sound his thoughts:
But we must still suppose the worst may happen:—

What if we find him cold in our design?

Glos. Chop off his head:—something we'll soon determine;

But haste and find out Catesby;

(*Buck. Crosses to L.H.*)

That done, follow me to the council-chamber;
We'll not be seen together much, nor have
It known that we confer in private;—therefore
Away, good cousin.

Buck. I am gone, my lord.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Glos. Thus far we run before the wind,
My fortune smiles, and gives me all that I dare
ask.

The conquer'd lady Anne is bound in vows !
Fast as the priest can make us, we are one.
The king, my brother, sleeps without his pillow,
And I'm left guardian of his infant heir.

Let me see :—

The prince will soon be here ;—let him ! the
crown !

Oh yes ! he shall have twenty ; globes and sceptres too :

New ones made to play withal,—but no coronation ;

No, nor any court-flies about him,—no kinsmen.
Hold ye ;—where shall he keep his court ?—

The Tower ?—

Aye ;—the Tower.

[*Exit, R.II.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Crosby Palace.*

PRINCE EDWARD, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, LORD STANLEY, TRESSEL, *and Attendants, discovered.*

Glos. (R.H. of Prince E.) Now, my royal cousin,* welcome to London :

Welcome to all those honour'd dignities,
Which by your father's will, and by your birth,
You stand the undoubted heir possess'd of :
And, if my plain simplicity of heart
May take the liberty to shew itself ;
You're farther welcome to your uncle's care
And love.—Why do you sigh, my lord ?
The weary way has made you melancholy.

Prince E. (Seated in the centre.) No, uncle ;
but our crosses on the way,
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me !

Tres. (L.H.) More uncles ! what means his highness ? *(Aside to Stanley.)*

Stan. (L.H.) Why, sir, the careful duke of Gloster has

* *Cousin* was the term used in Shakspeare's time, by uncles, to nephews and nieces ; grandfathers, to grandchildren ; &c. It seems to have been used instead of our *kinsman*, and *kinswoman*,

Secur'd his kinsmen on the way ;—Lord Rivers,
 Grey,
 Sir Thomas Vaughan, and others of his friends,
 Are prisoners now in Pomfret castle :
 On what pretence it boots not ;—there they are,
 Let the devil and the duke alone to accuse 'em.
 (*Aside to Tressel.*)

Glos. My lord, the mayor of London comes to
 greet you.

Enter LORD MAYOR, and Suite, L.H.D.

Lord M. Vouchsafe, most gracious sovereign,
 to accept
 The general homage of your loyal city :
 We farther beg your royal leave to speak
 In deep condolment of your father's loss ;
 And as far as our true sorrow will permit,
 To 'gratulate your accession to the throne.

Prince E. I thank you, good my lord, and
 thank you all.

Alas ! my youth is yet unfit to govern,
 Therefore the sword of justice is in abler hands :
 (*Pointing to Gloster.*)

But be assured of this, (*Rising.*) so much already
 I perceive I love you, that though I know not
 yet

To do you offices of good, yet this I know,
 I'll sooner die than basely do you wrong. (*Sits.*)

Glos. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live
 long. (*Aside.*)

Prince E. My lords,
 I thought my mother, and my brother York,

Would long ere this have met us on the way :
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

Glos. Where it shall seem best to your royal
self.

May I advise you, sir, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower ;
Then, where you please, and shall be thought
most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince E. Why at the Tower ? But be it as
you please.

Buck. (R.H. of Glos.) My lord,—your brother's
grace of York.

Enter DUKE and DUCHESS of YORK, L.H.D.

Prince E. Richard of York ! how fares our
dearest brother ?

(Rising and embracing him.)

Duke Y. Oh, my dear lord ! So I must call
you now.

Prince E. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is
your's.

'Too soon he died who might have better worn
That title, which in me will lose its majesty.

Glos. How fares our cousin, noble lord of
York ?

Duke Y. (Crosses to Glos.) Thank you kindly,
dear uncle :—oh, my lord !

(Prince E. salutes the Duchess.)

You said that idle weeds were fast in growth ;
The king, my brother, has outgrown me far.

Glos. He has, my lord.

Duke Y. And therefore, is he idle ?

Glos. Oh, pretty cousin, I must not say so.

Duke Y. Nay, uncle, I don't believe the saying's true,

For, if it were, you'd be an idle weed.

Glos. How so, cousin ?

Duke Y. Because I have heard folks say, you grew so fast,

Your teeth would gnaw a crust at two hours old :

Now, 'twas two years ere I could get a tooth.

Glos. Indeed ! I find the brat is taught this lesson.—(*Aside.*)

Who told thee this, my pretty merry cousin ?

Duke Y. Why, your nurse, uncle.

Glos. My nurse, child ! she was dead 'fore thou wert born.

Duke Y. If 'twas not she, I can't tell who told me. (*Crosses to Duchess.*)

Glos. So subtle, too !—'tis pity thou art short-lived. (*Aside.*)

Prince E. My brother, uncle, will be cross in talk.

Glos. Oh, fear not, my lord ; we shall never quarrel.

Prince E. I hope your grace knows how to bear with him.

Duke Y. You mean to bear me,—not to bear with me. (*Crosses to Gloster.*)

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me :

Because that I am little, like an ape,*
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Prince E. Fye, brother, I have no such meaning.

Glos. My lord, wilt please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin of Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet and bid you welcome at the Tower.

Duke Y. What! will you to the Tower, my dear lord?

Prince E. My lord protector will have it so.

Duke Y. I sha'n't sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glos. I'll warrant you;—King Henry lay there,
And he sleeps in quiet. (*Aside.*)

Prince E. What should you fear, brother?

Duke Y. My uncle Clarence' ghost, my lord;
My grandmother told me he was kill'd there.

Prince E. I fear no uncles dead.

Glos. Nor any, sir, that live, I hope.

Prince E. I hope so too; but come, my lords,
To the Tower, since it must be so.

(*Exeunt all but Gloster and Buckingham, L.H.*)

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating
York

Was not instructed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glos. No doubt, no doubt; oh, 'tis a shrewd
young master:

Stubborn, bold, quick, forward, and capable!

* At country shows it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a *bear*. The duke, therefore, in calling himself *ape*, calls his uncle *bear*.

He's all the mother's, from the top to toe ;
But let them rest ;—now what says Catesby ?

Buck. My lord, 'tis much as I suspected, and
He's here himself to inform you.

Enter CATESBY, L.H.

Glos. So, Catesby ;—hast thou been tampering ?
What news ?

Cates. My lord, according to th' instruction
given me,
With words at distance dropt, I sounded Hastings,
Piercing how far he did affect your purpose ;
To which indeed I found him cold, unwilling :
The sum is this ;—he seem'd awhile to under-
stand me not,

At length, from plainer speaking, urg'd to answer,
He said in heat, rather than wrong the head
To whom the crown was due, he'd lose his own.

Glos. Indeed ! his own then answer for that
saying :

He shall be taken care of :—meanwhile, Catesby,
Be thou near me.—(*Catesby retires, R.H.*)—

Cousin of Buckingham,
Let's lose no time ;—the mayor and citizens
Are now at busy meeting in Guildhall.
Thither I'd have you haste immediately,
And at your meetest 'vantage of the time,
Improve those hints I gave you late to speak of :
But above all, infer the bastardy
Of Edward's children.
Nay, for a need, taint thus far Edward's self.—

Say thus :

When he was born, my sire had wars in France ;
Nor bears he semblance to the duke of York.

Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,
As if myself might wear the golden fee
For which I plead.

Glos. If you thrive well, bring 'em to see me
here,

Where you shall find me seriously employ'd,
With the most learned fathers of the church.

Buck. I fly, my lord, to serve you.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Glos. To serve thyself, my cousin ;
For look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all those moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

Buck. I shall remember that your grace was
bountiful.

Glos. Cousin, I have said it.

Buck. I am gone, my lord. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Glos. So, I've secured my cousin here. These
moveables

Will never let his brains rest, till I'm king. (*Aside.*)
Catesby, go you with speed to doctor Shaw,
And thence to friar Beuker ;—bid 'em both
Attend me here, within an hour at farthest :
Meanwhile my private orders shall be given

[*Exit Catesby, R.H.*]

To lock out all admittance to the princes.
Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on !
How many frightful stops would conscience make

In some soft heads, to undertake like me ?
 Come, this conscience is a convenient scare-
 crow ;
 It guards the fruit which priests and wise men
 taste,
 Who never set it up to fright themselves ;
 They know 'tis rags, and gather in the face on't ;
 While half-starv'd shallow daws thro' fear are
 honest.
 Why were laws made, but that we're rogues by
 nature ?
 Conscience ! 'tis our coin, we live by parting
 with it ;
 And he thrives best that has the most to spare.
 The protesting lover buys hope with it ;
 And the deluded virgin short-liv'd pleasure ;
 Old grey-beards cram their avarice with it ;
 Your lank-jaw'd hungry judge will dine upon't,
 And hang the guiltless, rather than eat his mutton
 cold :
 The crown'd head quits it for despotic sway,
 The stubborn people for unaw'd rebellion.
 There's not a slave but has his share of villain ;
 Why then shall after ages think my deeds
 Inhuman ? since my worst are but ambition.
 Ev'n all mankind to some lov'd ills incline :
 Great men choose greater sins, ambition's mine.
[Exit, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in Crosby Palace.*

LADY ANNE, *discovered sitting on a couch.*

Lady A. When, when shall I have rest ! Was
 marriage made

To be the scourge of our offences here ?
Oh ! no ;—'twas meant a blessing to the virtuous ;
It once was so to me, though now my curse.
But see,
He comes, the rude disturber of my pillow.

Enter GLOSTER, L.H.D.

Glos. Ha ! still in tears ! let them flow on :
they're signs
Of a substantial grief :—why don't she die ?
She must, my interest will not let her live ;
The fair Elizabeth hath caught my eye ;
My heart's vacant, and she shall fill her place.
They say that women have but tender hearts :
'Tis a mistake, I doubt !—I've found 'em tough ;
They'll bend, indeed,—but he must strain that
cracks 'em.
All I can hope's to throw her into sickness,
That I may send her a physician's help. (*Aside.*)
So, madam, what ! you still take care, I see,
To let the world believe I love you not.
This outward mourning now has malice in't,
So have these sullen disobedient tears ;
I'd have you tell the world I doat upon you.

Lady A. I wish I could ;—but 'twill not be
believ'd.

Have I deserv'd this usage ?

Glos. You have ;—you do not please me, as
at first.

Lady A. What have I done ? What horrid
crime committed ?

Glos. To me the worst of crimes ; outliv'd my liking.

Lady A. If that be criminal,—just heav'n be kind,

And take me while my penitence is warm ;
Oh, sir, forgive and kill me.

Glos. Umph ! the meddling world will call that murder,

And I would have them think me pitiful :
Now, wert thou not afraid of self-destruction,
'Thou hast a fair excuse for't.

Lady A. How fain would I be friends with death !
—Oh name it.

Glos. Thy husband's hate : nor do I hate thee only

From the dull'd edge of sated appetite,
But from the eager love I bear another.
Some call me hypocrite, what think'st thou, now ?
Do I dissemble ?

Lady A. Thy vows of love to me were all dissembled.

Glos. Not one ;—for when I told thee so, I loved :

Thou art the only soul I never yet deceiv'd ;
And 'tis my honesty that tells thee now,
With all my heart I hate thee.

If this have no effect, she is immortal. (*Aside.*)

Lady A. Forgive me, heav'n, that I forgave this man.

Oh may my story, told in after ages,
Give warning to our easy sex's ears ;
May it unveil the hearts of men, and strike
Them deaf to their dissimulated love !

Enter CATESBY, L.H.D.

Glos. Now, Catesby—

Cates. My lord, his grace of Buckingham attends your highness' pleasure.

Glos. Wait on him ;—I'll expect him here.

[Exit Catesby, L.H.D.]

Your absence, madam, will be necessary.

Lady A. Would my death were so ! *[Exit, R.H.]*

Glos. It may be, shortly.

Enter CATESBY and BUCKINGHAM, L.H.D.

Now cousin, what say the citizens ?

[Exit Catesby, R.H.D.]

Buck. Now by our hopes, my lord, they are senseless stones :

Their hesitating fear has struck 'em dumb.

Glos. 'I ouch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children ?

Buck. I did ; with his contract to lady Lucy ;* Nay, his own bastardy, and tyranny for trifles ;

* * The king had been familiar with this lady before his marriage ; to obstruct which, his mother alledged a pre-contract between them. "Whereupon," says the historian, "dame Elizabeth Lucye was sente for, and albeit she was by the kyng hys mother, and many other, put in good comfort to affirme that she was assured to the kinge, yet when she was solemnly sworne to say ye truth, she confessed she was never ensured. Howbeit, she sayd his grace spake suche loving wordes to her, that she verily hoped that he would have married her ; and that yf such kind wordes had not bene ; she woulde never have showed such kindnesse to him to lette hym so kyndely gette her wyth chylde.

Hall, Edward v. fo. 19."

Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, justice, fair humility ;
 Indeed, left nothing that might gild our cause
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in my talk :
 And, when my oration drew towards an end,
 I urged of them, that lov'd their country's good,
 To do you right, and cry, Long live King Richard.

Glos. And did they so ?

Buck. Not one, by heav'n ;—but each like
 statues fix'd,
 Speechless and pale, star'd in his fellow's face :
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them ;
 And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful
 silence :

His answer was,—the people were not us'd
 To be spoken to, but by the Recorder :
 Who then took on him to repeat my words ;
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd ;
But nothing urg'd in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of my own,
 At th' lower end o'th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cry'd, *God save King Richard!*
 At which I took the 'vantage of those few,
 And cry'd, *Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends,*
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard ;
 And even here broke off, and came away.

Glos. Oh tongueless blocks ! would they not
 speak ?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren come ?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand ;—feign you
 some fear :

And be not spoken with, but by mighty suit.
A prayer-book in your hand, my lord, were well,
Standing between two churchmen of repute :
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant ;
Yet be not easily won to our requests :
Seem like the virgin, fearful of your wishes.

Glos. My other self!—my counsel's consistory !
My oracle ! my prophet ! my dear cousin !
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Buck. Hark ! the lord mayor's at hand :—away,
my lord ;

No doubt but yet we reach our point propos'd.

Glos. We cannot fail, my lord, while you are
pilot !

A little flattery sometimes does well. (*Aside.*)
[*Exit, R.H.D.*

Enter LORD MAYOR and Suite, L.H.

Buck. Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance
here ;
I am afraid, the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY, R.H.D.

Now, Catesby ! what says your lord to my re-
quest ?

Cates. My lord, he humbly does intreat your
grace

To visit him to-morrow, or the next day :
He's now retir'd with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation ;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,

To interrupt his holy exercise.

Buck. Return good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;

Tell him myself, the mayor, and citizens,
In deep designs, in matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cates. My lord, I'll instantly inform his highness.
[*Exit, R.H.D.*]

Buck. Ah, my lord ! this prince is not an Edward ;

He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But with too deep divines in sacred praying :
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the toil of sov'reignty !

Lord M. Happy indeed, my lord !

He will not sure, refuse our proffer'd love.

Buck. Alas, my lord ! you know him not : his mind's

Above this world !—he's for a crown immortal.
Look there, his door opens ; now where's our hope ?

Lord M. See where his grace stands, 'tween two clergymen ! (*Looking off R.H.*)

Buck. Ay, 'tis there he's caught ;—there's his ambition.

Lord M. How low he bows to thank 'em for their care !

And see ! a prayer-book in his hand !

Buck. Would he were king, we'd give him leave to pray :

Methinks I wish it for the love he bears the city.
 How have I heard him vow, he thought it hard
 The mayor should lose his title with his office !
 Well, who knows ? He may be won.

Lord M. Ah, my lord !

Buck See, he comes forth ;—my friends, be
 resolute ;

I know he's cautious to a fault : but do not
 Leave him, till our honest suit be granted.

Enter GLOSTER, with a book, and CATESBY, R.H.D.

Glos. Cousin of Buckingham,
 I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
 Who, earnest in my zealous meditation,
 So long deferr'd the service of my friends.
 Now do I fear I've done some strange offence,
 That looks disgracious in the city's eye. If so,
 'Tis just you should reprove my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord ; we wish your grace,
 On our intreaties, would amend your fault.

Glos. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian
 land ?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you re-
 sign

The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
 Fair England's throne, your own due right of
 birth,

To the corruption of a blemish'd stock ;
 In this just cause, I come, to move your highness,
 That on your gracious self you'd take the charge,
 And kingly government of this your land ;
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,

Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
 But as successively, from blood to blood,
 Your own, by right of birth, and lineal glory.

Glos. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Fits best with my degree, or your condition ;
 Therefore,—to speak in just refusal of your suit,
 And then in speaking not to check my friends,
 Definitively, thus I answer you :
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert,
 Unmeritable, shuns your fond request ;
 For, heav'n be thank'd, there is no need of me :
 The royal stock has left us royal fruit,
 Which mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make us, no doubt, happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happier stars ;
 Which, heav'n forbid, my thoughts should rob
 him of !

Lord M. (Kneels with suite.) Upon our knees,
 my lord, we beg your grace
 To wear this precious robe of dignity,
 Which on a child must sit too loose and heavy ;
 'Tis your's, befitting both your wisdom and your
 birth (*They rise.*)

Cates. My lord, this coldness is unkind,
 Nor suits it with such ardent loyalty.

Buck. Oh make 'em happy,—grant their law-
 ful suit.

Glos. Alas, why would you heap this care on
 me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty.

I thank you for your loves, but must declare,
(I do beseech you take it not amiss,)

I will not, dare not, must not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse us, through a soft remorse,
Loth to depose the child your brother's son,
(As well we know your tenderness of heart,)
Yet know, though you deny us to the last,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king,
But we will plant some other on the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house :
And thus resolv'd I bid you, sir, farewell.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

My lord and gentlemen, I beg your pardon
For this vain trouble ;—my intent was good ;
I would have serv'd my country and my king :
But 'twill not be. Farewell, till next we meet.

Lord M. Be not too rash, my lord : his grace
relents.

Buck. Away, you but deceive yourselves.

[*Exit, L.H.D.*

Cates. Sweet prince, accept their suit.

Lord M. If you deny us, all the land will rue it.

Glos. Call him again. [*Catesby crosses and
Exit, L.H.D.*] You will enforce me to

A world of cares : I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind intreaties,—
Though, heaven knows, against my own inclin-
ing.

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and CATESBY, L.H.D. (Buck-
ingham crosses to Gloster.)*

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
 To bear her burden whether I will or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load ;
 But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me ;
 For heaven knows, as you may partly see,
 How far I am from the desire of this.

Lord M. Heaven guard your grace, we see it,
 and will say it !

Glos. You will but say the truth, my lord.

Buck. My heart's so full, it scarce has vent
 for words :

My knee will better speak my duty now.

(*All kneel.*)

Long live our sovereign, Richard, king of Eng-
 land !

Glos. Indeed, your words have touch'd me
 nearly, cousin :

Pray rise. (*All rise.*) I wish you could recall 'em.

Buck. It would be treason now, my lord : to-
 morrow,

If it so please your majesty, from council,
 Orders shall be given for your coronation.

Glos. E'en when you please, for you will have
 it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your
 majesty ;—

And now we take our leaves with joy.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Glos. Cousin, adieu ;—my loving friends, fare-
 well :

I must unto my holy work again.

[*Exeunt, all but Gloster, L.H.D.*

Why, now my golden dream is out !
 Ambition, like an early friend, throws back
 My curtains with an eager hand, o'erjoy'd
 To tell me what I dreamt is true. A crown !
 Thou bright reward of ever-daring minds,
 Oh how thy awful glory wraps my soul !
 Nor can the means that got thee dim thy lustre :
 For not men's love, fear pays thee adoration.
 And fame not more survives from good than evil
 deeds :
 Th' aspiring youth *that fir'd the Ephesian dome,
 Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.
 Conscience, lie still ; more lives must yet be
 drain'd ;
 Crowns got with blood, must be with blood
 maintain'd: [Exit, R.H.D.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Tower.*

Enter LADY ANNE, *in tears*, DUKE OF YORK,
 QUEEN, PRINCE EDWARD, and DUCHESS OF
 YORK, R.H.

Prince E. Pray, madam, do not leave me yet,
 For I have many more complaints to tell you.

* Erostratus ; or, Eratostratus : who set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus, that his name by such an uncommon action might descend to posterity.

Queen. And I unable to redress the least ;
What would'st thou say, my child ?

Prince E. Oh, mother, since I have lain i'the
Tower.

My rest has still been broke with frightful dreams,
Or shocking news has wak'd me into tears :
I'm scarce allow'd a friend to visit me ;
All my old honest servants are turn'd off,
And in their room are strange ill-natur'd fellows,
Who look so bold, as they were all my masters ;
And I'm afraid they'll shortly take you from me.

Duc. Y. Oh mournful hearing !

Lady A. Oh unhappy prince !

Duke. Y. Dear brother, why do you weep so ?
You make me cry too.

Queen. Alas, poor innocence ! [cle aims ;

Prince E. Would I but knew at what my un-
If 'twere my crown, I'd freely give it him,
So he'd but let me joy my life in quiet.

Duke Y. Why, will my uncle kill us, brother ?

Prince E. I hope he won't ; we never injur'd
him.

Queen. I cannot bear to see 'em thus.

(Weeping.)

Enter LORD STANLEY, L.H.D.

Stan. Madam, I hope your majesty will pardon
What I am griev'd to tell ;—unwelcome news.

Queen. Ah me, more sorrow, yet, my lord !

We've long

Despair'd of happy tidings ; pray what is't ?

Stan. On Tuesday last, your noble kinsmen,
 Rivers,
 Grey, and sir Thomas Vaughan, at Pomfret,
 Were executed on a public scaffold.

Duc. Y. Oh dismal tidings! [is next.

Prince E. Oh poor uncles! I doubt my turn

Lady A. Nor mine, I fear, far off.

Queen. Why then, let's welcome blood and
 massacre;

Yield all our throats to the fell tiger's rage,
 And die lamenting one another's wrong.

Oh! I foresaw this ruin of our house. (*Weeps.*)

Enter CATESBY, L.H.D.

Cates. Madam, the king
 Has sent me to inform your majesty,
 That you prepare (as is advis'd from council,)
 To-morrow for your royal coronation.

Queen. What do I hear? Support me, heaven!

Lady A. Despightful tidings!—oh, unpleasing
 news!

Alas, I heard of this before, but could not,
 For my soul, find heart to tell you of it. [*jesty.*

Cates. The king does farther wish your ma-
 Would less employ your visits at the Tower;
 He gives me leave t'attend you to the court,
 And is impatient, madam, till he sees you.

Lady A. Farewell to all. And thou, poor in-
 jur'd queen,
 Forgive the unfriendly duty I must pay.

Queen. Alas, kind soul, I envy not thy glory;
 Nor think I'm pleas'd thóu'rt partner in our sor-

Cates. Madam. [row.

Lady A. I come. [glory.

Queen. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of
Cates. Shall I attend your majesty?

Lady A. Attend me! Whither?—To be
crown'd?

Let me with deadly venom be anointed,
And die, ere man can say,—“Long live the
Queen!” [Exit, with *Catesby*, L.H.

Stan. Take comfort, madam.

Queen. Alas! where is it to be found?
Death and destruction follow us so close,
They shortly must o’ertake us.

Stan. In Bretany,
My son-in-law, the earl of Richmond, still
Resides, who with a jealous eye observes
The lawless actions of aspiring Gloster:
To him would I advise you, madam, fly
Forthwith, for aid, protection, and redress:
He will, I’m sure, with open arms receive you.

Duc. Y. Delay not, madam;
For ’tis the only hope that heaven has left us.

Queen. Do with me what you please;—for
Must surely better our condition. [any change

Stan. I farther would advise you, madam, this
To remove the princes to some [instant
Remote abode, where you yourself are mistress.

Prince E. Dear madam, take me hence: for
Enjoy a moment’s quiet here. [I shall ne’er

Duke Y. Nor I; pray, mother, let me go too.

Queen. Come then, my pretty young ones,
let’s away;

For here you lie within the falcon’s reach,
Who watches but th’ unguarded hour to seize
you. (Going with her children, L.H.)

Enter LIEUTENANT, L.H.

Lieut. I beg your majesty will pardon me ;
But the young princes must, on no account,
Have egress from the Tower :
Nor must (without the king's especial license,)
Of what degree soever, any person
Have admittance to 'em :—all must retire.

Queen. I am their mother, sir ; who else commands 'em ?

If I pass freely, they shall follow me.
For you, I'll take the peril of your fault upon
myself. [you ;

Lieut. My inclination, madam, would oblige
But I am bound by oath, and must obey :
Nor, madam, can I now with safety answer
For this continued visit.

(*Gives the warrant to Stanley.*)

Please you my Lord, to read these orders.

Queen. Oh, heavenly powers ! shall I not stay
with them ?

Lieut. Such are the king's commands, madam.

Queen. My lord ? (To Stanley.)

Stan. 'Tis too true,—and it were vain to oppose 'em.

[*Stanley returns the warrant, and Exit, L.H.*

Queen. Support me, heaven !

For life can never bear the pangs of such a
parting.

Oh, my poor children ! Oh, distracting thought !
I dare not bid 'em, as I should, farewell ;
And then to part in silence stabs my soul !

Prince E. What, must you leave us, mother ?

Queen. What shall I say? (*Aside.*)

But for a time, my loves:—we shall meet again;
At least in heaven. (*Aside.*)

Duke Y. Won't you take me with you, mother?

I shall be so 'fraid to stay, when you are gone.

Queen. I cannot speak to 'em, and yet we must
Be parted.

(*Duchess of York crosses behind to L.H.*)

Then let these kisses say farewell. [last!

Why, oh why, just heaven, must these be our

Duc. Y. Give not your grief such way;—be
sudden when you part.

Queen. I will:—since it must be:—to heaven
I leave 'em!

(*Kneels.—The Lieut. takes charge of the Princes.*)

Hear me, ye guardian powers of innocence;

Awake or sleeping, oh protect 'em still!

Still may their helpless youth attract men's pity,

That when the arm of cruelty is raised,

Their looks may drop the lifted dagger down

From the stern murderer's relenting hand,

And throw him on his knees in penitence! (*Rises.*)

Both Princes. Oh mother, mother!

Queen. Oh my poor children!—

[*Exeunt Queen and Duchess of York, L.H. Lieutenant with the Princes, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Presence Chamber.*

Discovering KING RICHARD, seated; BUCKINGHAM,
CATESBY, RATCLIFF, &c.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—[*Exeunt all the Court, but Buckingham, Ratcliff, and Catesby, R.H.*]

Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand.

At length by thy advice and thy assistance,
Is Gloster seated on the English throne.

But say, my cousin.—

What! shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them!

Buck. I hope for ages sir;—long may they
grace you! [the touchstone,

K. Rich. Oh, Buckingham! now do I play
To try if thou be current friend indeed:

Young Edward lives;—so does his brother
Now think, what I would speak. [York:—

Buck. Say on, my gracious lord. [spiders

K. Rich. I tell thee coz, I've lately had two
Crawling upon my startled hopes;— [from me,
Now, though thy friendly hand has brush'd 'em
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;

I would have some kind friend to tread upon em:
I would be king, my cousin.

Buck. Why so I think you are, my royal lord.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so;—but,—

Buck. Most true, my lord. [Edward lives.

K. Rich. Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so
dull.

Shall I be plain;—I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd;

Now, cousin, canst thou answer me? [sure.

Buck. None dare dispute your highness' plea-

K. Rich. Indeed! methinks thy kindness
freezes, cousin.

Thou dost refuse me, then!—they shall not die.

Buck. My lord, since 'tis an action cannot be Recall'd, allow me but some pause to think ; I'll instantly resolve your highness. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Cates. The king seems angry, see, he gnaws his lip.*

K. Rich. I'll henceforth deal with shorter-sighted fools ;

None are for me, that look into my deeds
With thinking eyes ;—

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect :
The best on't is, it may be done without him ;
Though not so well perhaps ;—had he consented,
Why then the murder had been his, not mine.
We'll make shift as 'tis.—Come hither, Catesby :
Where's that same Tirrel whom thou told'st me
of ? [order'd ?]

Hast thou given him those sums of gold I

Cates. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Where is he ?

Cates. He waits your highness' pleasure.

K. Rich. Give him this ring, and say myself
Will bring him farther orders instantly.

[*Exit Catesby, R.H.D.*]

The deep-revolving duke of Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :
Has he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath ?—Well, be it so.—

Enter LORD STANLEY, L.H.

How now, lord Stanley ;—what's the news ?

* Several of our ancient historians observe, that this was the accustomed action of Richard, whether he was pensive or angry.

Stan. I hear, my liege, the lord marquis of
Is fled to Richmond, now in Bretany. [Dorset

K. Rich. Why let him go, my lord: he may
be spar'd. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

(*Stanley retires up the stage, L.H.*)

Hark thee, Ratcliff, when saw'st thou Anne, my
queen?

Is she still weak? Has my physician seen her?

Rat. He has, my lord, and fears her mightily.

K. Rich. But he's exceeding skilful, she'll
mend shortly.

Rat. I hope she will, my lord. [*Exit, L.H.D.*]

K. Rich. And if she does, I have mistook my
man.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
At whom I know the Breton,* Richmond, aims;
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown.
But then to stain me with her brother's blood;
Is that the way to woo the sister's love?

No matter what's the way;—

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye;

For while they live,

My goodly kingdom's on a weak foundation.

'Tis done, my daring heart's resolved;—they're
dead! (*Aside.*)

Enter BUCKINGHAM, L.H.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind,

* He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewksbury, he took refuge in the court of Francis II. Duke of Bretagne, where by the intrigues of Edward IV. he was kept a long time in a kind of honourable custody.

The late request that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest.—Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I have heard the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he's your near kinsman :—well, look to him.

Buck. My lord, I claim that gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour and your faith's engag'd ;
The earldom of Hereford, and those moveables,
Which you have promis'd I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife : (*Stanley advances.*) if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

[*Exit Stanley, R.H.*]

Buck. What says your highness to my just request ?

K. Rich. I do remember me, Harry the Sixth,
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
'Tis odd !—a king ? Perhaps—

Enter CATESBY, R.H.D.

Cates. My lord, I have obey'd your highness' orders

Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my suit.

K. Rich. Lead Tirrel to my closet, I'll meet him. [Exit Catesby, R.H.D.]

Buck. I beg your highness' ear, my lord.

K. Rich. I'm busy !—thou troublest me !—I'm not i' th' vein ! [Exit, R.H.D.]

Buck. Oh, patience, heav'n ! is't thus he pays
my service ?

Was it for this I rais'd him to the throne ?
Oh ! if the peaceful dead have any sense
Of the vile injuries they bore while living ;
Then sure the joyful souls of blood-suck'd Edward,
Henry, Clarence, Hastings, and all that through
His foul, corrupted dealings have miscarry'd,
Will from the walls of heav'n in smiles look down,
To see this tyrant tumbling from his throne,
His fall unmourn'd, and bloody as their own.

[*Exit, L.H.*

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the Tower.*

Enter TIRREL, DIGHTON, and FOREST, L.H.

Tir. Come, gentlemen,
Have you concluded on the means ?

Forest. Smothering will make no noise, sir.

Tir. Let it be done i' th' dark ;—for should
you see
Their young faces, who knows how far their looks
Of innocence may tempt you into pity ?
Stand back.—

Enter LIEUTENANT, R.H.

Lieutenant, have you brought the keys ?

Lieut. I have 'em, sir.

Tir. Then here's your warrant to deliver 'em.
(*Giving a ring.*)

Lieut. Your servant, sir. (*Crosses to L.H.*)
 What can this mean ! why at this dead of night
 To give 'em too ? 'Tis not for me t'inquire.
 (*Aside.*)

There, gentlemen ;
 That way ;—you have no further need of me.
 [*Exeunt, Lieut. L.H. the others, R.H.*]

Enter KING RICHARD, through M.D.

K. Rich. Would it were done :
 'There is a busy something here,
 That foolish custom has made terrible
 To the intent of evil deeds ; and nature too,
 As if she knew me womanish, and weak,
 Tugs at my heart-strings with complaining cries,
 To talk me from my purpose :
 And then the thought of what men's tongues
 will say,—
 Of what their hearts must think ;
 To have no creature love me living, nor
 My memory when dead.
 Shall future ages, when these childrens' tale
 Is told, drop tears in pity of their hapless fate,
 And read with detestation the misdeeds of Gloster,
 The crook-back'd tyrant, cruel, barbarous,
 And bloody ? Will they not say too,
 That to possess the crown, nor laws divine
 Nor human stopt my way ?—Why, let 'em say
 They can't but say I had the crown ; [it :—
 I was not fool as well as villain.
 Hark ! the murder's doing : princes, farewell ;
 To me there's music in your passing-bell.

Enter TIRREL, R.H.

Now, my Tirrel, how are the brats dispos'd ?
Say, am I happy ? Hast thou dealt upon 'em ?

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in
charge,
Beget your happiness,—then, sir, be happy,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see 'em dead ?

Tir. I did my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, my good Tirrel ?

Tir. In that I thought to ask your highness'
pleasure.

K. Rich. I have it ;—I'll have 'em sure ;—get
me a coffin

Full of holes, let 'em both be cramm'd into it ;
And hark thee, in the night tide throw 'em down
The Thames ;—once in, they'll find the way to
the bottom ;

Meantime but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Tir. I humbly thank your highness. -

K. Rich. About it strait, good Tirrel.

Tir. Conclude it done, my lord. [*Exit, R.H.*

K. Rich. Why then, my loudest fears are
hush'd ;

The sons of Edward have eternal rest,
And Anne, my wife, has bid this world good night ;
While fair Elizabeth, my beauteous niece,
Like a new morn, lights onward to my wishes.

Enter CATESBY, L.H.

Cates. My lord—

K. Rich. Good news, or bad, that thou com'st
in so bluntly ? [Richmond,

Cates. Bad news, my lord ; Morton is fled to
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welsh-
Is in the field, and still his power increases. [men,

K. Rich. Morton with Richmond touches me
more near

Than Buckingham, and his rash-levied numbers.
But come, dangers retreat when boldly they're
confronted, (Crosses to L.H.)

And dull delay leads impotence and fear ;

Then fiery expedition raise my arm,

And fatal may it fall on crush'd rebellion !

Let's muster men, my council is my shield ;

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*

SCENE IV.—*The Neighbourhood of St. Paul's.*

Enter QUEEN, and the DUCHESS of YORK, R.H.

Queen. Oh, my poor children !—Oh, my
tender babes !—

My unblown flowers, pluck'd by untimely hands !

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,

Hover about me with your airy wings,

And hear your mother's lamentation !

Why slept their guardian angels when this deed
was done ?

Duc. Y. So many miseries have drain'd my eyes,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute ;
Why should calamity be full of words ?

Queen. Let's give 'em scope : for though they
can't remove,
Yet do they ease affliction. [mations ;

Duc. Y. Why, then, let us be loud in excla-
To Richard haste, and pierce him with our cries :
(*Trumpet sounds a march, R.H.U.E.*)

Hark ! his trumpet sounds ;—this way he must
pass.

Queen. Alas ! I've not the daring to confront
him. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Duc. Y. I have a mother's right, I'll force him
to hear me.

*Enter KING RICHARD and CATESBY, with forces,
through the Gates, R.H.U.E. Trumpet sounds a march.*

K. Rich. Who interrupts me in my expedition ?

Duc. Y. Dost thou not know me ? Art thou
not my son ?

K. Rich. I cry your mercy, madam, is it you ?

Duc. Y. Art thou my son ? [yourself.

K. Rich. Ay, I thank heav'n, my father, and

Duc. Y. Then I command thee, hear me.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch* of your
condition,

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duc. Y. Stay, I'll be mild and gentle in my
words. [haste.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother, for I am in

* A particle of your temper or disposition.

Duc. Y. Why, I have staid for thee, just heaven
In torment and in agony. [knows,

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duc. Y. No, on my soul; too well thou know'st
A grievous burden was thy birth to me; [it;—
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and
stubborn; [bloody.

Thy age confirm'd, most subtil, proud, and

K. Rich. If I am so disgracious in thy eye,
Let me march on, and not offend thee, madam;
Strike up the drum. (*Queen advances, R.H.*)

Duc. Y. Yet stay, I charge thee, hear me.

Queen. If not, hear me;—for I have wrongs
will speak

Without a tongue:—methinks the very sight
Of me should turn thee into stone;

Where are my children, Gloster?

Duc. Y. Where is thy brother Clarence?

Queen. Where Hastings?

Duc. Y. Rivers?

Queen. Vaughan?

Duc. Y. Grey? [drums,

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets, strike alarum,
Let not the heav'ns hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the lords anointed:—strike, I say.

(*Alarum of Drums and Trumpets.*)

Either be patient, and intreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duc. Y. Then hear me heav'n, and heav'n at
his latest hour

Be deaf to him, as he is now to me!

Ere from this war he turn a conqueror,
 Ye powers cut off his dangerous thread of life,
 Lest his black sins rise higher in account
 Than hell has pains to punish! (*Crosses to R.H.*)
 Mischance and sorrow wait thee to the field!
 Heart's discontent, languid and lean despair,
 With all the hells of guilt pursue thy steps for
 ever! [*Exit, R.H.*]

Queen. Though far more cause, yet much less
 power to curse [her.
 Abides in me,—(*Advances, R.H.*)—I say amen to
K. Rich. Stay, madam, I would beg some words
 with you. [to grant!]

Queen. What canst thou ask, that I have now
 Is't another son? Gloster, I have none.

K. Rich. You have a beauteous daughter,
 call'd Elizabeth.

Queen. Must she die, too?

K. Rich. For whose fair sake, I'll bring more
 good to you,

Than ever you or your's from me had harm;
 So in the Lethe of thy angry soul [wrongs
 Thou'lt drown the sad remembrance of those
 Which thou supposest me the cruel cause of.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
 kindness
 Lasts longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Know then, that from my soul I love
 the fair

Elizabeth, and will with your permission,
 Seat her on the throne of England. [her?]

Queen. Alas! vain man, how canst thou woo

K. Rich. That would I learn of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. If thou wilt learn of me, then, woo her thus :—

Send to her, by the man who kill'd her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts,—thereon engrav'd,
Edward and York ;—then, haply, will she weep.
On this, present her with an handkerchief
Stain'd with their blood, to wipe her woeful eyes.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Read o'er the history of thy noble deeds ;
Tell her, thy policy took off her uncles,
Clarence, Rivers, Grey ? nay, and, for her sake,
Made quick conveyance with her dear aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam ; this is not the
To win your daughter. [way

(*King Richard retires ; converses with Rat-cliff, and sends him off, L.H.*) [love,

Queen. What shall I say ? Still to affront his
I fear, will but incense him to revenge ;
And to consent, I should abhor myself ;
Yet I may seemingly comply, and thus,
By sending Richmond word of his intent,
Shall gain some time to let my child escape him.
It shall be so. (*Aside.—Richard advances.*)

I have consider'd, sir, of your important wishes,
And, could I but believe you real— [above—

K. Rich. Now, by the sacred hosts of saints

Queen. O, do not swear, my lord ; I ask no
oath,

Unless my daughter doubt you more than I.

K. Rich. Oh, my kind mother ! (I must call
Be thou to her my love's soft orator ; [you so)
Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;

Not my deserts, but what-I will deserve.
And, when this warlike arm shall have chastis'd
The audacious rebel, hot-brain'd Buckingham;
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead your daughter to a conqueror's bed.

Queen. My lord, farewell ;—in some few days
expect

To hear how fair a progress I have made :
Till when, be happy, as you're penitent.

K. Rich. My heart goes with you to my love.

Farewell. [*Exit Queen*, R.H.]

Relenting, shallow-thoughted woman !

Enter RATCLIFF, L.H.

How now ! the news ? [coast,

Rat. Most gracious sovereign, on the western
Rides a most powerful navy, and our fears
Inform us Richmond is their admiral.

There do they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

K. Rich. We must prevent him then.—Come
hither, Catesby.

Cates. My lord, your pleasure ? [stantly,

K. Rich. Post to the Duke of Norfolk, in-
Bid him straight levy all the strength and power
That he can make, and meet me suddenly
At Salisbury ;—commend me to his grace ;—
away. [*Exit Catesby*, R.H.]

Enter LORD STANLEY, L.H.

Well, my lord, what news have you gather'd ?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas, my lord.

K. Rich. There let him sink,—and be the seas
on him.

White-liver'd runagate ;—what does he there ?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by

K. Rich. Well, as you guess ? [guess.

Stan. Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and
Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Traitor ! the crown !

Where is thy power then, to beat him back ?

Where be thy tenants and thy followers ?

The foe upon our coast, and thou no friends to
meet 'em !

Or hast thou march'd them to the western shore,

To give the rebels conduct from their ships ?

Stan. My lord, my friends are ready all i' th'
north. [north,

K. Rich. The north ! why, what do they i' th'

When they should serve their sovereign in the
west ? [move :

Stan. They yet have had no orders, sir, to
If 'tis your royal pleasure they should march,

I'll lead them on with utmost haste to join you,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. What, thou'dst be gone to join with
Richmond ?—Ha— [loyalty ;

Stan. Sir, you have no cause to doubt my
I ne'er yet was, nor ever will be, false.

K. Rich. Away then to thy friends, and lead
'em on

To meet me ;—(*Crosses to R.H.*) hold.—Come
back I'll not trust thee. [son,

I've thought a way to make thee sure ;—your
George Stanley, sir, I'll have him left behind ;
And look your heart be firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail. [him.

Stan. As I prove true, my lord, so deal with

K. Rich. Away. [*Exit Stanley, R.H.*

Enter RATCLIFF, L.H.

Rat. My lord, the army of great Buckingham,
By sudden floods, and fall of waters,
Is half lost, and scatter'd :

And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. Has any careful officer proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

Rat. Such proclamation has been made, my
lord.

Enter CATESBY, R.H.

Cates. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is
taken. [Buckingham.

K. Rich. Off with his head ;—so much for

Cates. My lord, I am sorry I must tell more

K. Rich. Out with it. [news.

Cates. The earl of Richmond, with a mighty
Is landed, sir, at Milford ; [power,

And, to confirm the news, lord marquis Dorset,
And sir Thomas Lovell, are up in Yorkshire.

K. Rich. Why, ay, this looks rebellion :—Ho !
my horse !

By heav'n, the news alarms my stirring soul ;
Come forth, my honest sword, which here I vow,
By my soul's hope, shall ne'er again be sheath'd ;
Ne'er shall these watching eyes have needful
rest,

Till death has clos'd 'em in a glorious grave,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Country, near Tamworth.*

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, and others,
L.H.U.E.

Rich. Thus far, into the bowels of the land,
Have we march'd on without impediment.
Gloster, the bloody and devouring boar,
Whose ravenous appetite has spoil'd your fields,
Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropt
Its ripen'd hopes of fair posterity,
Is now even in the centre of the isle,
As we're inform'd, near to the town of Leicester :
From 'Tamworth thither is but one day's march ;

And here receive we, from our father Stanley,
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement,
Such as will help and animate our cause ;
On which let's cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of a lasting peace,
Or fame more lasting from a well-fought war.

Oxford. Your words have fire, my lord, and
warm our men, [hearten'd
Who look'd, methought, but cold before ;—dis-
With the unequal numbers of the foe.

Rich. Why, double 'em still, our cause would
conquer 'em.

Thrice is he arm'd, that has his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted :
The very weight of Gloster's guilt shall crush
him. [our's.

Blunt. His best friends, no doubt, will soon be

Oxford. He has no friends, but what are such
through fear. [heav'n.

Rich. And we no foes, but what are such to
Then doubt not, heav'n's for us ;—let's on, my
friends : [wings ;

True hope ne'er tires, but mounts with eagle's
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures
kings. [*Exeunt, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, &c ;
L.H.U.E.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even in Bos-
worth Field :

My good lord of Norfolk, the cheerful speed
Of your supply has merited my thanks.

Nor. I am rewarded, sir, in having power
To serve your majesty. [with my tent ;

K. Rich. You have our thanks, my lord : up
Here will I lie to-night ;*—but where to-mor-
row ?

Well, no matter where.—Has any careful friend
Discover'd yet the number of the rebels ?

Nor. My lord, as I from spies am well inform'd,
Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia treble that amount ;
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Nor. Their wants are greater yet, my lord ;—
those e'en

Of motion, life, and spirit ;—did you but know
How wretchedly their men disgrace the field ;
Oh, such a tattered host of mounted scare-crows !
So poor, so famish'd ; their executors,
The greedy crows, fly hovering o'er their heads,
Impatient for their lean inheritance.

K. Rich. Now, by St. Paul, we'll send 'em
dinner and apparel ;

Nay, give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight 'em.—How long must we stay,
My lords, before these desperate fools will give
Us time to lay 'em with their faces upwards ?

Nor. Unless their famine saves our swords that
labour,

* Richard did not sleep in his tent the night before the battle, but in the town of Leicester.

To-morrow's sun will light 'em to their ruin ;
So soon, I hear, they mean to give us battle.

K. Rich. The sooner still the better.—Come
my lords,
Now let's survey the 'vantage of the ground :
(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Call me some men of sound direction.

Nor. My gracious lord—

K. Rich. What say'st thou, Norfolk ?

Nor. Might I advise your majesty, you yet
Shall save the blood that may be shed to-morrow.

K. Rich. How so, my lord ? [me,

Nor. The poor condition of the rebels tells
That on a pardon offer'd to the lives
Of those that instantly shall quit their arms,
Young Richmond, ere to-morrow's dawn, were
friendless. [ry's way.

K. Rich. Why that, indeed, was our sixth Har-
Which made his reign one scene of rude com-
motion.

I'll be in men's despite a monarch ; no,
Let kings that fear, forgive,—blows and revenge
for me. [Exeunt, R.H.

SCENE III.—*Richmond's Camp in Bosworth
Field.*

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, &c. L.H.

Rich. The weary sun has made a golden set,
And by yon ruddy brightness of the clouds,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard;
 My lord of Oxford, you, sir Walter Herbert,
 And you, sir William Brandon, stay with me:
 The earl of Pembroke keeps* his regiment.
 Here have I drawn the model of our battle,
(*Unfolding a Scroll.*)

Which parts in just proportion our small power;
 Here may each leader know his several charge.

Enter OFFICER, L.H.

Off. Sir, a gentleman, that calls himself Stanley,
 Desires admittance to the earl of Richmond.

Rich. Now, by our hopes, my noble father-in-law;
 Admit him:—[*Exit Officer, L.H.*] my good friends,
 your leave awhile.

Enter LORD STANLEY, L.H. OFFICERS retire.

My honour'd father! on my soul,
 The joy of seeing you this night is more
 Than my most knowing hopes presag'd:—what
 news? [mother,

Stan. I, by commission, bless thee from thy
 Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
 The queen too has with tears of joy consented
 Thou should'st espouse Elizabeth, her daughter,
 At whom the tyrant Richard closely aims.
 In brief, (for now the shortest moment of

* Remains with it.

My stay is bought with hazard of my life,)
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
 (For so the season of affairs requires,)
 And this be sure of, I, upon the first
 Occasion offer'd, will deceive some eyes,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
 In which I had more forward been, ere this,
 But that the life of thy young brother, George,
 (Whom as my pawn of faith, stern Richard
 keeps,)

Would then be forfeit to his wild revenge.
 Farewell, the rude enforcement of the time
 Denies me to renew those vows of love
 Which so long-sunder'd friends should dwell upon.

Rich. We yet may meet again, my lord.—

Stan. Till then, once more farewell,—be resolute, and conquer.

Rich. Give him safe conduct to his regiment.

[*Exeunt an Officer, and Stanley, R.H.*

Well, sirs. (*Officers advance.*) to-morrow proves
 a busy day : [cil ;

But come, the night's far spent ;—let's in to counsel,
 Captain, an hour before the sun gets up,
 Let me be wak'd ;—I will in person walk
 From tent to tent, and early cheer the soldiers.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

SCENE IV.—*A Wood.*

*Enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, NORFOLK, and
 CATESBY, L.H.*

K. Rich. Catesby.

Cates. Here, my lord.

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment ; bid him, 'fore sun-rise,
Meet me with his power, or his son George's
Shall pay the forfeit of his cold delay. [head
What, is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent ?

Cates. It is my liege, all in readiness.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock.

Cates. It is nine o'clock, my lord.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;
Use careful watch,—choose trusty centinels.

Nor. Doubt not, my lord. (*Crosses to L.H.*

K. Rich. Be stirring with the lark, good Norfolk.

Nor. I shall, my lord.— [*Exit L.H.*]morrow.

K. Rich. Saddle White Surrey for the field to-
Is ink and paper ready ?

Cates. It is, my lord. [tent,

K. Rich. An hour after midnight, come to my
And help to arm me :—a good night, my friends.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Cates. Methinks, the king has not that pleas'd
alacrity,
Nor cheer of mind, that he was wont to have.

Rat. The mere effect of business ;
You'll find him, sir, another man i'th' field,
When you shall see him with his beaver up,
Ready to mount his neighing steed, with whom
He smiling seems to have some wanton talk,
Clapping his pamper'd sides to hold him still ;
Then, with a motion swift and light as air,
Like fiery Mars, he vaults him to the saddle ;
Looks terror to the foe, and courage to his sol-
diers.

Cates. Good night to Richmond then ; for, as
 I hear,
 His numbers are so few, and those so sick,
 And famish'd in their march, if he dares fight us,—
 He jumps into the sea to cool his fever.
 But come, 'tis late ;—now let us to our tents,
 We've few hours good, before the trumpet
 wakes us. [*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE V.—*Richard's Tent.*

Enter KING RICHARD, from his Tent.

K. Rich. 'Tis now the dead of night, and half
 the world
 Is in a lonely, solemn darkness hung ;
 Yet I (so coy a dame is sleep to me,)
 With all the weary courtship of
 My care-tir'd thoughts, can't win her to my bed ;
 Though e'en the stars do wink, as 'twere with
 over-watching.
 I'll forth and walk awhile ;—the air's refreshing,
 And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
 Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour. [to camp
 How awful is this gloom ! and hark ! from camp
 The hum of either army stilly sounds ;
 That the fixt centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.
 Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neigh-
 ings, [tents,
 Piercing the night's dull ear.—Hark ! from the
 The armourers accomplishing the knights,
 With clink of hammers closing rivets up,

Give dreadful note of preparation : while some,
 Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,
 With patience sit, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger.—By yon heav'n, my stern
 Impatience chides this tardy-gaited night,
 That like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
 So tediously away,—I'll to my couch,
 And once more try to sleep her into morning.
(Advances towards the couch ;—a groan is heard.)
 Ha ! what means that dismal voice ? Sure 'tis
 The echo of some yawning grave,
 That teems with an untimely ghost.—'Tis gone !
 'Twas but my fancy, or, perhaps, the wind,
 Forcing its entrance through some hollow cavern.—

No matter what ;—I feel my eyes grow heavy.
(Lies down,—Sleeps.)

KING HENRY'S *Ghost appears.*

King. H. Oh ! thou, whose unrelenting
 thoughts, not all
 The hideous terrors of thy guilt can shake ;
 Whose conscience, with thy body, ever sleeps,—
 Sleep on ; while I, by heaven's high ordinance,
 In dreams of horror wake thy frightful soul :
 Now, give thy thoughts to me ; let 'em behold
 These gaping wounds, which thy death-dealing
 Within the Tower gave my anointed body : [hand
 Now shall thy own devouring conscience gnaw
 Thy heart, and terribly revenge my murder.

LADY ANNE'S *Ghost appears.*

Lady A. Think on the wrongs of wretched
Anne, thy wife,
E'en in the battle's heat remember me,
And edgeless fall thy sword,—despair and die.

*The Ghosts of PRINCE EDWARD and the DUKE of
YORK, appear.*

Prince E. Richard, dream on, and see the
wandering spirits
Of thy young nephews, murder'd in the Tower :
Could not our youth, our innocence, persuade
Thy cruel heart to spare our harmless lives ?
Who, but for thee, alas ! might have enjoy'd
Our many promis'd years of happiness.
No soul, save thine, but pities our misuseage :
O, 'twas a cruel deed ! therefore alone,
Unpitying, unpitied shalt thou fall. [me away ;
King H. The morning's dawn has summon'd
And let that wild despair, which now does prey
Upon thy mangled thoughts, alarm the world.
Awake, Richard, awake, to guilty minds
A terrible example ! (*All the Ghosts vanish.*)
K. Rich. (*Starts up.*) Give me another horse,
—bind up my wounds !

(*Drops on his Knees.*)
Have mercy, heav'n ! ha ! soft,—'twas but a
But then so terrible, it shakes my soul ; [dream ;
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh ;
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror :
Oh, tyrant conscience ! how dost thou afflict me ;—

When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating ;
 I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent :
 I am but man ; and fate do thou dispose me.

Enter CATESBY, R.H.

Who's there ? (*Rises.*)

Cates. 'Tis I, my lord ; the early village cock
 Hath thrice done salutation to the morn :
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. Oh, Catesby ! I have had such hor-
 rid dreams. [*heeding.*]

Cates. Shadows, my lord,—below the soldier's

K. Rich. Now, by my this day's hopes,—sha-
 dows to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
 Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

Cates. Be more yourself, my lord : consider,
 sir,

Were it but known a dream had frightened you,
 How would your animated foes presume on't !

K. Rich. Perish the thought !—no, never be
 it said

That fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.
 Hence, babbling dreams ! you threaten here in
 vain !

Conscience, avaunt ! Richard's himself again :

(*Trumpets sound a call.*)

Hark ! the shrill trumpet sounds to horse ; away ;
 My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Wood.*

(*A March.*)

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, SOLDIERS, &c. L.H.

Rich. Halt.

Sold. (Without.) Halt,—halt !

Rich. How far into the morning is it, friends ?

Oxford. Near four, my lord.

Rich. 'Tis well,—

I am glad to find we are such early stirrers.

Oxford. Methinks the foe's less forward than
we thought 'em ;

Worn as we are, we brave the field before 'em.

Rich. Come, there looks life in such a cheerful
haste :

If dreams should animate a soul resolv'd, [night ;
I'm more than pleas'd with those I've had to—
Methought that all the ghosts of them whose
bodies

Richard murder'd, came mourning to my tent,
And rous'd me to revenge 'em.

Oxford. A good omen, sir,—(*Trumpet sounds
a distant March, R.H.*) hark ! the trumpet of
The enemy ; it speaks them on the march.

Rich. Why then let's on, my friends, to face
'em !

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As mild behaviour and humility ;
But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment :

Well, Norfolk, what think'st, thou now ?

Nor. That we shall conquer :—but on my tent,
This morning early, was this paper found.

K. Rich. (Reads.) “Jockey of Norfolk, be
not too bold,

For Dickon,* thy master, is bought and sold.”

A weak invention of the enemy !

Come, gentlemen, now each man to his charge,

And, ere we do bestride our foaming steeds,

Remember whom you are to cope withal,

A scum of Bretons, rascals, runaways,

Whom their o'ercloy'd country vomits forth

To desperate adventures, and destruction.—

Enter CATESBY, L.H.

What says Lord Stanley, will he bring his
power ?

Cates. He does refuse, my lord ;—he will not

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head [stir.

(Distant March, R.H.)

Nor. My lord, the foe's already past the

marsh ;—†

After the battle let young Stanley die.

* *Dickon* is the ancient vulgar familiarization of
Richard.

† There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between
the two armies. Henry passed it, and made such a dispo-
sition of his forces that it served to protect his right wing.
By this movement he gained also another point, that his
men should engage with the sun behind them, and in the
faces of his enemies ; a matter of great consequence, when
bows and arrows were in use.

K. Rich. Why, after be it then.

A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom ;
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head,
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;
 And thou, our warlike champion, thrice-re-
 nown'd

St. George, inspire me with the rage of lions ;
 Upon 'em :—charge :—follow me ! [*Exeunt R.H.*

SCENE VIII.—*A part of Bosworth Field.—*
Alarums.

Enter KING RICHARD, R.H.

K. Rich. What ho ! young Richmond, ho, 'tis
 Richard calls !

I hate thee, Harry, for thy blood of Lancaster ;
 Now if thou dost not hide thee from my sword,
 Now while the angry trumpet sounds alarms,
 And dying groans transpierce the wounded air,
 Richmond, I say, come forth, and singly face me ;
 Richard is hoarse with daring thee to arms.

[*Exit, L.H.*

SCENE IX.—*A Wood.*

Enter CATESBY, L.H.U.E. ; and NORFOLK, R.H.U.E.
in disorder.

Cates. Rescue ! Rescue ! my lord of Norfolk,
 haste ;

The king enacts more wonders than a man,
 Daring and opposite to every danger :

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death;
Nay haste, my lord,—the day's against us.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.U.E.]

Enter KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF, L.H.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for
a horse. [yon thicket

Rat. This way, this way, my lord;—below
Stands a swift horse; away;—ruin pursues us;
Withdraw, my lord, for only flight can save you.

K. Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die!

[*Exit*, *Rat.* L.H.]

I think there be six Richmonds in the field,
Five have I slain to day, instead of him:—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

SCENE X.—*Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD, L.H. and RICHMOND, R.H.
meeting.

K. Rich. Of one or both of us, the time is
come. [is thine;

Rich. Kind heav'n, I thank thee, for my cause
If Richard's fit to live, let Richmond fall.

K. Rich. Thy gallant bearing, Harry, I could
'plaud,
But that the spotted rebel stains the soldier.

Rich. Nor should thy prowess, Richard, want
my praise,
But that thy cruel deeds have stamp'd thee
tyrant! [draws it.]

So thrive my sword. as heav'n's high vengeance

K. Rich. My soul and body on the action both.

Rich. A dreadful lay;—here's to decide it.

(*Alarums.—They fight; Richard falls.*)

K. Rich. Perdition catch thy arm;—the chance
is thine,

But oh! the vast renown thou hast acquir'd,
In conquering Richard, does afflict him more
Than even his body's parting with its soul.
Now let the world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms; that each heart being set
On bloody actions, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead! (*Dies.*)

Rich. Farewell, Richard, and from thy dread-
ful end

May future kings from tyranny be warn'd;
Had thy aspiring soul but stirr'd in virtue
With half the spirit it has dar'd in evil,
How might thy fame have grac'd our English
annals!

But as thou art, how fair a page thou'st blotted!
(*A retreat sounded.*)

Hark! the glad trumpet speaks the field our own.

*Enter LORD STANLEY, OXFORD, and Soldiers, with
KING RICHARD'S Crown, L.H.*

Oh, welcome, friends! my noble father, welcome!

Heav'n and our arms be prais'd, the day is our's;
See there, my lord's, stern Richard is no more.

Stan. Victorious Richmond, well hast thou acquitted thee! [thee:

And see the just reward that heav'n has sent
Among the glorious spoils of Bosworth-field,
We've found the crown, which now in right is
thine:

'Tis doubly thine by conquest and by choice.

Long live Henry the Seventh, king of England!
(*Flourish ;--all Kneel.*)

Rich. Next to just heav'n, my countrymen,
I owe my thanks to you, whose love I'm proud of,
And ruling well shall speak my gratitude
But now, my lords, what friends of our's are
missing!

Pray tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my liege, and safe in Leicester
town,

Whither if you please, we may withdraw us.

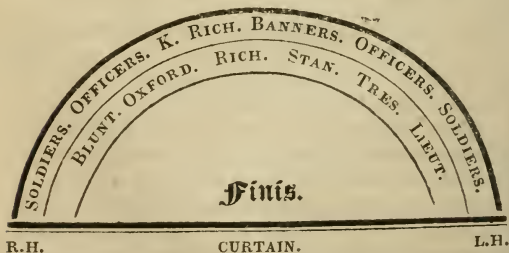
Enter BLUNT, R.H.

Blunt. My lord, the queen, and fair Elizabeth,
Her beauteous daughter, some few miles off,
Are on their way to 'gratulate your victory.

Rich. Ay, there, indeed, my toil's rewarded.
Let us prepare to meet 'em, lords ;—and then,
As we're already bound by solemn vows,
We'll twine the roses red and white together,
(*They wave the Banners.*)

And both from one kind stalk shall flourish !
 England has long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
 The brother blindly shed the brother's blood ;
 The father rashly slaughtered his own son ;
 The bloody son, compelled, has kill'd his sire.
 Oh, now, let Henry and Elizabeth,
 The true successors of each royal house,
 Conjoin'd together, heal those deadly wounds !
 And be that wretch of all mankind abhorred,
 That would renew those bloody days again ;
 Ne'er let him live to taste our joy's increase,
 That would with treason wound fair England's
 peace !

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



Orberry's Edition.

LIONEL AND CLARISSA,

AN OPERA ;

By Isaac Bickerstaff.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING, WHICH IS FAITHFULLY
MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS,
AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

B O S T O N :
WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET.

1822.



Remarks.

THIS opera is a very sufficient witness of the patience and kindly forbearance of our forefathers ; nothing but the most enduring good-nature could have suffered it to pass in safety through the fiery ordeal of a first night ; a disposition which certainly does not belong to audiences of the present day ; with them to be easily pleased is to be foolish, and asperity of course is wisdom. Happy therefore is it for us that we have found an occasion of writing up to the taste of the times ; however severe we may be, we shall sleep with untroubled conscience ; but before entering into a particular consideration of this notable work, we shall offer a few observations on the nature of opera in general.

Opera is a word of so many and such extended significations that it can hardly be brought within the reasonable limits of definition ; the Italians who first used it as denoting a peculiar class of dramatic composition, in such employment of it understand a drama in recitative, intermixed with songs. The idea was evidently adopted from the Greek tragedy, which, notwithstanding the critical jargon of classic purity, is a strange mixture of speaking, recitation, and dancing.

In borrowing this new species of writing from the Italians, we have foolishly enough dropped its chief characteristic, recitative ; the reason, if there really be any reason for this change, is probably that the English are not sufficient-

ly musical to give three hours of continued attention to the sweet yet somewhat monotonous melody of recitative ; critics however have not been wanting to admire and defend this absurdity ; their grand, if not only, argument is, that recitative is unnatural ; “ This, after all, is the best fooling.” Are the iambics of Greek tragedy, the blank verse of the English, or the rhimed couplets of the French, a jot more in nature ? The fact is, that no species of drama, either in acting or reading, is a strict imitation of nature ; tragedy is more beautiful, more sublime, and more pathetic than common life, while comedy is infinitely more brilliant. Is it, for instance, creditable that the magnificent ideas, not to speak of the language, which resulted from the study and reflection of a mind like Shakspeare’s, should in a moment occur to “ Macbeth,” “ Richard,” or “ Othello ?” Allowing these characters to have the same genius as the poet, still they would need reflection to produce the thoughts, and allowing they would utter them without reflection, still they are more than the purpose requires, and though men speak more, they do not think more deeply, than the immediate object calls for.—Are such plays then unnatural ? No—But we are going farther into this subject than we intended ; it belongs more properly to the review of Shakspeare’s plays, and to that we must refer the reader, if he is disposed to travel with us so far.

By the omission of recitative our opera falls into another absurdity ; the transition from simple speech to song is too abrupt, unless where a peculiar situation calls for, and thus justifies the introduction of the latter ; but this can only happen seldom ; if three or four songs throughout a whole opera are in place, it is as much as can be expected, and what can be more absurd than for the dialogue to suddenly cease, the music of the orchestra commence, and the cha-

racter or characters, after two or three turns on the stage begin to explain their sentiments in song?—as if common speech were not adequate to the occasion. There is a want of harmony in these sudden transitions, which is the height of the ridiculous; the ear is as much offended by them as the understanding.

There is, however, one radical objection to recitative, but not sufficient to justify its absence in opera, of which it is so essential a feature; if we will have that species of drama, we must be content to take it with all its defects; we have no right to quarrel with an *Æthiope* for the darkness of his complexion;—the fault alluded to is its inaptitude to express the quick and changing shades of passion; in its most rapid movements there is a protraction, a swell of sound, which very faintly images the violent emotions of the mind; besides that, the muscular action requisite in singing prevents the actor from expressing in his features any strong or varied sensation.

A second general objection to opera, is the multitude of songs, which clog the progress of the story, and break off our feelings when most excited by its interest. When all our sympathy is awakened, and expectation is attentive to the gradual unfolding of a well-managed fable, a song snaps the thread at once; half its own charms are lost by its coming upon a mind intent on something else, and by the time it is concluded, the mind has altogether lost its first position. No art, no discretion, can avoid this defect; it is inherent in the very nature of opera, and affords a pretty strong conclusion against that sort of composition.

To these general points of censure, common to all the operatic kind, “*Lionel and Clarissa*,” adds many others, which, though not absolutely peculiar to itself, are seldom found heaped together, and in such abundance. The fable

is barren and improbable ; the language in all respects below mediocrity ; not only without wit, but even destitute of that moderate degree of elegance expected in the most common compositions ; the characters feeble though exaggerated, and absurd without exciting laughter. It has all the appearance of a very bad novel, metamorphosed into a worse drama, and the songs are such as might be supplied by any Scotch Magazine ; they have, it is true, very fair, legitimate rhimes, but little sense, and less poetry ; there is not a single attempt in them to raise, delight, or refine, the mind ; throughout the whole is a comfortable appearance of mediocrity, on which ignorance might rest, and however apt to wonder at trifles, he would find nothing here to disturb his slumbers ; it is the genuine drone of a Scotch bagpipe, and though it has been said, that some good may be found in the worst books, we defy any critical chemist to extract a particle of spirit from this mass of dullness ; oil might as likely be found dwelling in a flint, or fire in the stream of water.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is about two hours and forty-two minutes. The first act occupies the space of fifty-seven minutes—the second, sixty—the third, forty-five.—The Half-price commences, generally, at a quarter after nine o'clock.

Costume.

LIONEL.

A suit of black, silk gloves, and opera hat.

COLONEL OLDBOY.

Blue regimental coat ; white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches, and cocked hat.

SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE.

A blue cloth suit.

JESSAMY.

French grey coat, trimmed, braid and silver frogs ; white waistcoat ; pink under waistcoat ; white breeches ; pea-green pelisse ; arm hat, trimmed with white feathers.

JENKINS.

Drab cloth suit ; a cocked hat.

HARMAN.

Blue coat ; white waistcoat, and trowsers.

FRENCH VALET.

Green jacket ; silk waistcoat, and buff pantaloons.

Four Servants : white liveries—Two Servants : grey liveries.

CLARISSA.

White satin body ; white muslin petticoat, trimmed with white satin and lace.

LADY MARY.

First Dress—Plain white muslin.—Second Dress—Coloured satin round dress, trimmed with lace

DIANA.

First Dress—Plain white muslin.—Second Dress—Muslin petticoat, trimmed with roses ; pink satin body.

JENNY.

Muslin gown ; apron, trimmed with blue ribbon.

Maid : coloured cotton gown.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-lane.</i>	<i>Lyceum.</i>
<i>Sir John Flowerdale</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Phillips.
<i>Colonel Oldboy</i>	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. W. Chatterley.
<i>Lionel</i>	Mr. Cooke.	Mr. Pearman.
<i>Jessamy</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Wrench.
<i>Harman</i>	Mr. Pyne.	Mr. Broadhurst.
<i>Jenkins</i>	Mr. Smith.	Mr. Isaacs.
 <i>Lady Mary Oldboy</i>	 Mrs. Sparks.	 Mrs. Grove.
<i>Clarissa</i>	Miss Byrne.	Mrs. H. Kemble.
<i>Diana</i>	Miss Kelly.	Miss Stephenson.
<i>Jenny</i>	Mrs. Bland.	Miss Kelly.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.	- - - - -	is meant	- - - - -	Right Hand.
L.H.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Left Hand.
S.E.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Second Entrance.
U.E.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Upper Entrance.
M.D.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Middle Door.
D.F.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Door in Flat.
R.H.D.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.	- - - - -		- - - - -	Left Hand Door.

LIONEL AND CLARISSA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in Colonel OLDBOY's House : Colonel OLDBOY is discovered at breakfast, reading a news-paper ; at a little distance from the tea-table sits JENKINS ; and on the opposite side DIANA, who appears playing upon a harpsichord. A girl attending.*

TRIO.

*Ah, how delightful the morning,
How sweet are the prospects it yields ;
Summer luxuriant adorning
The gardens, the groves, and the fields.*

*Be grateful to the season,
Its pleasures let's employ ;
Kind nature gives, and reason
Permits us to enjoy.* [Exit Maid, R.H.]

Col. Well said, Dy, thank you, Dy. This, master Jenkins, is the way I make my daughter entertain me every morning at breakfast. Come

here and kiss me, you slut, come here and kiss me, you baggage.

Dia. Lord, papa, you call one such names—

Col. A fine girl, master Jenkins, a devilish fine girl! she has got my eye to a twinkle. 'There's fire for you—spirit!—I design to marry her to a duke: how much money do you think a duke would expect with such a wench?

Jen. Why, Colonel, with submission, I think there is no occasion to go out of our own country here; we have never a duke in it, I believe, but we have many an honest gentleman, who, in my opinion, might deserve the young lady.

Col. So, you would have me marry Dy to a country 'squire, eh! How say you to this, Dy! would not you rather be married to a duke?

Dia. So my husband's a rake, papa, I don't care what he is.

Col. A rake! you damned confounded little baggage; why you would not wish to marry a rake, wou'd you? So her husband is a rake, she does not care what he is! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Dia. Well, but listen to me, papa—When you go out with your gun, do you take any pleasure in shooting the poor tame ducks and chickens in your yard? No, the partridge, the pheasant, the woodcock, are the game; there is some sport in bringing them down, because they are wild; and it is just the same with an husband or a lover. I would not waste powder and shot, to wound one of your sober pretty behaved gentlemen; but to hit a libertine,

extravagant, madcap fellow, to take him upon the wing—

Col. Do you hear her, master Jenkins? Ha, ha, ha!

Jen. Well, but, good colonel, what do you say to my worthy and honourable patron here, sir John Flowerdale? He has an estate of eight thousand pounds a year, as well paid rents as any in the kingdom, and but one only daughter to enjoy it; and yet he is willing, you see, to give this daughter to your son.

Dia. Pray, Mr. Jenkins, how does Miss Clarissa and our university friend, Mr. Lionel? That is the only grave young man I ever liked, and the only handsome one I ever was acquainted with, that did not make love to me.

Col. Aye, master Jenkins, who is this Lionel? They say he is a damn'd witty knowing fellow; and egad I think him well enough for one brought up in a college.

Jen. His father was a general officer, a particular friend of sir John's, who, like many more brave men, that live and die in defending their country, left little else than honour behind him. Sir John sent this young man, at his own expense, to Oxford; during the vacation he is come to pay us a visit, and sir John intends that he shall shortly take orders for a very considerable benefice in the gift of the family, the present incumbent of which is an aged man.

Dia. The last time I was at your house, he was teaching Miss Clarissa mathematics and philosophy. Lord, what a strange brain I have!

If I was to sit down to distract myself with such studies—

Col. Go, hussy, let some of your brother's rascals inform their master that he has been long enough at his toilet; here is a message from sir John Flowerdale—You a brain for mathematics indeed! We shall have women wanting to head our regiments to-morrow or next day.

Dia. Well, papa, and suppose we did. I believe, in a battle of the sexes, you men would hardly get the better of us.

SONG.

*To rob them of strength, when wise nature thought fit
By women to still do her duty,
Instead of a sword she endu'd them with wit,
And gave them a shield in their beauty.*

*Sound, sound then the trumpet, both sexes to arms,
Our tyrants at once and protectors!
We quickly shall see, whether courage or charms,
Decide for the Helens or Hectors.* [Exit, R.H.]

Col. Well, master Jenkins! don't you think now that a nobleman, a duke, an earl, or a marquis, might be content to share his title—I say, you understand me—with a sweetener of thirty or forty thousand pounds, to pay off mortgages? Besides, there is a prospect of my whole estate; for I dare swear, her brother will never have any children.

Jen. I should be concerned at that, colonel, when there are two such fortunes to descend to his heirs, as yours and sir John Flowerdale's.

Col. Why look you, master Jenkins, sir John Flowerdale is an honest gentleman; our families are nearly related; we have been neighbours time out of mind; and if he and I have an odd dispute now and then, it is not for want of a cordial esteem at bottom. He is going to marry his daughter to my son; she is a beautiful girl, an elegant girl, a sensible girl, a worthy girl, and—a word in your ear—damn me if I an't very sorry for her.

Jen. Sorry, colonel!

Col. Aye—between ourselves, master Jenkins, my son won't do.

Jen. How do you mean?

Col. I tell you, master Jenkins, he won't do—he is not the thing—a prig—At sixteen years old, or thereabouts, he was a bold, sprightly boy, as you should see in a thousand; could drink his pint of port, or his bottle of claret—now he mixes all his wine with water.

Jen. Oh! if that be his only fault, colonel, he will ne'er make the worse husband, I'll answer for it.

Col. You know my wife is a woman of quality—I was prevailed upon to send him to be brought up by her brother lord Jessamy, who had no children of his own, and promised to leave him an estate—he has got the estate indeed, but, the fellow has taken his lordship's name for it. Now master Jenkins, I would be glad to know,

how the name of Jessamy is better than that of Oldboy.

Jen. Well! but, colonel, it is allowed on all hands that his lordship has given your son an excellent education.

Col. Psha! he sent him to the university, and to travel, forsooth; but what of that; I was abroad, and at the university myself, and never a rush the better for either. I quarrelled with his lordship about six years before his death, and so had not an opportunity of seeing how the youth went on; if I had, master Jenkins, I would no more have suffered him to be made such a monkey of—He has been in my house but three days, and it is all turned topsy-turvy by him and his rascally servants—then his chamber is like a perfumer's shop, with washballs, pastes, and pomatum—and, do you know, he had the impudence to tell me yesterday at my own table, that I did not know how to behave myself?

Jen. Pray, colonel, how does my lady Mary?

Col. What my wife? in the old way, master Jenkins; always complaining; ever something the matter with her head, or her back, or her legs—but we have had the devil to pay lately—she and I did not speak to one another for three weeks.

Jen. How so, sir?

Col. A little affair of jealousy—you must know my game-keeper's daughter has had a child, and the plaguy baggage takes it into her head to lay it to me—Upon my soul, it is a fine

fat chubby infant as ever I set my eyes on ; I have sent it to nurse ; and, between you and me, I believe I shall leave it a fortune.

Jen. Ah, colonel, you will never give over.

Col. You know my lady has a pretty vein of poetry ; she writ me an heroic epistle upon it, where she calls me her dear, false Damon ; so I let her cry a little, promised to do so no more, and now we are as good friends as ever.

Jen. Well, colonel, I must take my leave ; I have delivered my message, and sir John may expect the pleasure of your company to dinner.

Col. Aye, aye, we'll come—plague o' ceremony among friends. But won't you stay to see my son ; I have sent to him, and suppose he will be here as soon as his valet-de-chambre will give him leave.

Jen. There is no occasion, good sir : present my humble respects, that's all.

Col. Well but, zounds ! Jenkins, you must not go till you drink something—let you and I have a bottle of hock—

Jen. Not for the world, colonel ; I never touch any thing strong in the morning.

Col. Never touch any thing strong ! Why one bottle won't hurt you, man, this is old, and as mild as milk.

Jen. Well, but, colonel, pray excuse me.

SONG.

*To tell you the truth,
In the days of my youth,*

*As mirth and nature bid,
I lik'd a glass,
And I lov'd a lass;
And I did as younkers did.*

*But now I am old,
With grief be it told,
I must those freaks forbear ;
At sixty-three,
'Twixt you and me,
A man grows worse for wear.*

[*Exit, L.H.*

*Enter MR. JESSAMY, LADY MARY OLDBOY, and
MAID, R.H.*

Lady M. Shut the door, why don't you shut the door there? Have you a mind I should catch my death? This house is absolutely the cave of Æolus; one had as good live on the Eddy-stone, or in a wind-mill.

Mr. Jes. I thought they told your ladyship that there was a messenger here from sir John Flowerdale.

Col. Well, sir, and so there was; but he had not patience to wait upon your curling-irons. Mr. Jenkins was here, sir John Flowerdale's steward, who has lived in the family these forty years.

Mr. Jes. And pray, sir, might not sir John Flowerdale have come himself: if he had been acquainted with the rules of good breeding, he would have known that I ought to have been visited. (*Goes up the Stage, R.H.—Crosses to L.H.*)

Lady M. Upon my word, colonel, this is a solecism.

Col. 'Sblood, my lady, it's none. Sir John Flowerdale came but last night from his sister's seat in the west, and is a little out of order. But I suppose he thinks he ought to appear before him with his daughter in one hand, and his rent-roll in the other, and cry, sir, pray do me the favour to accept them.

Lady M. Nay, but, Mr. Oldboy, permit me to say—

Col. He need not give himself so many affected airs, I think it's very well if he gets such a girl for going for; she's one of the handsomest and richest in this country, and more than he deserves

Mr. Jes. (On L.H.) That's an exceeding fine china jar your ladyship has got in the next room; I saw the fellow of it the other day at Williams's, and will send to my agent to purchase it: it is the true matchless old blue and white. Lady Betty Barebones has a couple that she gave an hundred guineas for, on board an Indiaman; but she reckons them at a hundred and twenty-five, on account of half a dozen plates, four nankeen beakers, and a couple of shaking mandarins, that the custom-house officer took from under her petticoats.

Col. Did you ever hear the like of this! He's chattering about old china, while I am talking to him of a fine girl. I tell you what, Mr. Jessamy, since that's the name you choose to be called by, I have a good mind to knock you down.

Mr. Jes. Knock me down, colonel! what do you mean? I must tell you, sir, this is a language to which I have not been accustomed; and, if you think proper to continue to repeat it, I shall be under the necessity of quitting your house.

Col. Quitting my house?

Mr. Jes. Yes, sir, incontinently.

Col. Why, sir, am not I your father, sir, and have I not a right to talk to you as I like? I will, sirrah. But, perhaps, I mayn't be your father, and I hope not.

Lady M. Heavens and earth, Mr. Oldboy!

Col. What's the matter, madam—I mean, madam, that he might have been changed at nurse, madam—and I believe he was.

Mr. Jes. Huh! huh! huh!

Col. Do you laugh at me, you saucy jackanapes!

Lady M. Who's there?—Somebody bring me a chair. Really, Mr. Oldboy, you throw my weakly frame into such repeated convulsions—but I see your aim; you want to lay me in my grave, and you will very soon have that satisfaction.

Col. I can't bear the sight of him.

Lady M. Open that window, give me air, or I shall faint.

Mr. Jes. Hold, hold, let me tie a handkerchief about my neck first. This cursed sharp north-wind—Antoine, bring down my muff.

Col. Aye, do, and his great-coat.

Enter ANTOINE, L.H. with great-coat and muff.

Lady M. Marg'ret, some harts-horn. [*Exit Antoine, L.H.*] My dear Mr. Oldboy, why will you fly out in this way, when you know how it shocks my tender nerves?

Col. 'Sblood, madam, it's enough to make a man mad.

Lady M. Hartshorn! hartshorn!

Enter MAID, R.H.

Mr. Jes. Colonel!

Col. Do you hear the puppy?

Mr. Jes. Will you give me leave to ask one question?

Col. I don't know whether I will or not.

Mr. Jes. I should be glad to know, that's all, what single circumstance in my conduct, carriage, or figure, you can possibly find fault with—Perhaps I may be brought to reform—Pr'ythee let me hear from your own mouth, then, seriously, what it is you do like, and what it is you do not like.

Col. Hum!

Mr. Jes. Be ingenuous, speak, and spare not.

Col. You would know?

SONG.

*Zounds, sir! then I'll tell you without any jest,
The thing of all things, which I hate and detest;*

*A coxcomb, a fop,
 A dainty milk-sop,
 Who, essenc'd and disen'd from battom to top,
 Looks just like a doll for a milliner's shop :
 A thing full of prate,
 And pride and conceit ;
 All fashion, no weight ;
 Who shrugs and takes snuff,
 And carries a muff ;
 A minikin,
 Finiking,
 French powder'd-puff :
 And now, sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.*

[Exit, L.H.]

Mr. Jes. What's the matter with the colonel, madam ; does your ladyship know ?

Lady M. Heigho ! don't be surprised, my dear ; it was the same thing with my late dear brother, lord Jessamy ; they never could agree ; that good-natured friendly soul, knowing the delicacy of my constitution, has often said, sister Mary, I pity you. Not but your father has good qualities, and I assure you I remember him a very fine gentleman himself. When he first paid his addresses to me, he was called agreeable Jack Oldboy, though I married him without the consent of your noble grandfather.

Mr. Jes. I think he ought to be proud of me : I believe there's many a duke, nay prince, who would esteem themselves happy in having such a son—

Lady M. Yes, my dear ; but your sister was always your father's favourite : he intends to

give her a prodigious fortune, and sets his heart upon seeing her a woman of quality.

Mr. Jes. He should wish to see her look a little like a gentlewoman first. When she was in London last winter, I am told she was taken notice of by a few men. But she wants air, manner—

Lady M. And has not a bit of the genius of our family, and I never knew a woman of it but herself without. I have tried her : about three years ago I set her to translate a little French song : I found she had not even an idea of versification ; and she put down love and joy for rhyme—so I gave her over.

Mr. Jes. Why, indeed, she appears to have more of the Thalestris than the Sappho about her.

Lady M. Well, my dear, I must go and dress myself, though I protest I am fitter for my bed than my coach. And condescend to the colonel a little—Do my dear, if it be only to oblige your mamma. [Exit, R.H.]

Mr. Jes. Let me consider—I am going to visit a country baronet here, who would fain prevail upon me to marry his daughter : the old gentleman has heard of my parts and understanding, miss of my figure and address. But, suppose I should not like her when I see her—Why, positively, then I will not have her ; the treaty's at an end, and *sans* compliment, we break up the congress. But, won't that be cruel, after having suffered her to flatter herself with hopes, and showing myself to her. She's a strange

dowdy I dare believe: however, she brings provision with her for a separate maintenance. Antoine, appretez la toilet. i am going to spend a cursed day; that I perceive already; I wish it was over, I dread it as much as a general election. [Exit, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Changes to a Study in SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE'S House; two Chairs and a Table, with Globes and Mathematical Instruments.*

Enter CLARISSA, R.H.

SONG.

*Immortal pow'rs protect me,
Assist, support, direct me;
Relieve a heart oppress'd:
Ah! why this palpitation!
Cease busy perturbation,
And let me, let me rest.*

Enter JENNY, R.H.

Jen. My dear lady, what ails you?

Cla. Nothing, Jenny, nothing.

Jen. Pardon me, madam, there is something ails you indeed. Lord, what signifies all the grandeur and riches in this world, if they can't procure one content. I am sure it vexes me to the heart, so it does, to see such a dear, sweet worthy young lady, as you are, pining yourself to death.

Cla. Jenny, you are a good girl, and I am very much obliged to you for feeling so much on my account; but in a little time, I hope I shall be easier.

Jen. Why, now, here to day, madam, for sartin you ought to be merry to day, when there's a fine gentleman coming to court you; but, if you like any one else better, I am sure, I wish you had him, with all my soul.

Cla. Suppose, Jenny, I was so unfortunate, as to like a man without my father's approbation; would you wish me married to him?

Jen. I wish you married to any one, madam, that could make you happy.

Cla. Heigho! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Jen. Madam! madam! yonder's sir John and Mr. Lionel on the terrace: I believe they are coming up here. Poor, dear Mr. Lionel, he does not seem to be in over great spirits either. To be sure, madam, its no business of mine; but, I believe, if the truth was known, there are those in the house, who wou'd give more than ever I shall be worth, or any the likes of me, to prevent the marriage of a sartin person that shall be nameless.

Cla. What do you mean? I don't understand you.

Jen. I hope you are not angry, madam?

Cla. Ah! Jenny—

Jen. Lauk madam, do you think, when Mr. Lionel's a clergyman, he'll be obliged to cut off his hair? I'm sure it will be a thousand pities; and your great pudding-sleeves!—Lord, they'll

quite spoil his shape, and the fall of his shoulders ! Well, madam, if I was a lady of large fortune, I'll be hanged if Mr. Lionel should be a parson, if I could help it.

Cla. I'm going into my dressing-room—It seems, then, Mr. Lionel is a great favourite of yours ; but, pray Jenny, have a care how you talk in this manner to any one else.

Jen. Me talk ! madam, I thought you knew me better ; and, my dear lady, keep up your spirits. I'm sure I have dressed you to-day as nice as hands and pins can make you.

SONG.

*I'm but a poor servant, 'tis true, ma'am ;
But was I a lady like you, ma'am,
In grief would I sit !—the dickens a bit ;
No faith, I would search the world thro' ma'am,
To find what my liking could hit.*

*Set in case a young man,
In my fancy there ran ;
It might anger my friends and relations :
But, if I had regard,
It should go very hard,
Or I'd follow my own inclinations.*

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

Enter SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE, and LIONEL, L.H.

Sir J. Indeed, Lionel, I will not hear of it. What ! to run from us all of a sudden, this way ; and at such a time too ; the eve of my daugh-

ter's wedding, as I may call it ; when your company must be doubly agreeable, as well as necessary to us ? I am sure you have no studies at present that require your attendance at Oxford : I must, therefore, insist on your putting such thoughts out of your head.

Lio. Upon my word, sir, I have been so long from the university, that it is time for me to think of returning. It is true, I have no absolute studies ; but really, sir, I shall be obliged to you, if you will give me leave to go.

Sir J. Come, come, my dear Lionel, I have for some time observed a more than ordinary gravity growing upon you, and I am not to learn the reason of it : I know, to minds serious, and well inclined, like yours, the sacred functions you are about to embrace—

Lio. Dear sir, your goodness to me, of every kind, is so unmerited ! Your condescension, your friendly attentions—in short, sir, I want words to express my sense of obligations—

Sir J. Fie, fie, no more of them. By my last letters, I find that my old friend, the rector, still continues in good health, considering his advanced years. You may imagine I am far from desiring the death of so worthy and pious a man ; yet, I must own, at this time, I could wish you were in orders, as you might then perform the ceremony of my daughter's marriage ; which would give me a secret satisfaction.

Lio. No doubt, sir, any office in my power, that could be instrumental to the happiness of

any in your family, I should perform with pleasure.

Sir J. Why, really, Lionel, from the character of her intended husband, I have no room to doubt, but this match will make Clarissa perfectly happy: to be sure, the alliance is the most eligible for both families.

Lio. If the gentleman is sensible of his happiness in the alliance, sir.

Sir J. The fondness of a father is always suspected of partiality; yet, I believe, I may venture to say, that few young women will be found more unexceptionable than my daughter: her person is agreeable, her temper sweet, her understanding good; and, with the obligations she has to your instructions—

Lio. You do my endeavours too much honour, sir. I have been able to add nothing to Miss Flowerdale's accomplishments, but a little knowledge in matters of small importance to a mind already so well improved.

Sir J. I don't think so; a little knowledge, even in those matters, is necessary for a woman, in whom, I am far from considering ignorance as a desirable characteristic: when intelligence is not attended with impertinent affectation, it teaches them to judge with precision, and gives them a degree of solidity necessary for the companion of a sensible man.

Lio. Yonder's Mr. Jenkins: I fancy he's looking for you, sir.

Sir J. I see him; he's come back from Colonel Oldboy's; I have a few words to say to

him ; and will return to you again in a minute.
[Exit, L.H.]

Lio. To be a burthen to one's self, to wage continual war with one's own passions, forced to combat, unable to overcome ! But see, she appears, whose presence turns all my sufferings into transport, and makes even misery itself delightful.

Enter CLARISSA, R.H.

Perhaps, madam, you are not at leisure now ; otherwise, if you thought proper, we would resume the subject we were upon yesterday.

Cla. I am sure, sir, I give you a great deal of trouble.

Lio. Madam, you give me no trouble ; I should think every hour of my life happily employed in your service ; and as this is probably the last time I shall have the satisfaction of attending you upon the same occasion—

Cla. Upon my word, Mr. Lionel, I think myself extremely obliged to you ; and shall ever consider the enjoyment of your friendship—

Lio. My friendship, madam, can be of little moment to you ; but if the most perfect adoration, if the warmest wishes for your felicity, though I should never be witness of it : if these, madam, can have any merit to continue in your remembrance, a man once honoured with a share of your esteem—

Cla. Hold, sir—I think I hear somebody.

Lio. If you please, madam, we will resume

our studies.—(*They sit.*)—Have you looked at the book I left you yesterday?

Cla. Really, sir, I have been so much disturbed in my thoughts for these two or three days past, that I have not been able to look at anything.

Lio. I am sorry to hear that, madam; I hope there was nothing particular to disturb you. The care sir John takes to dispose of your hand in a manner suitable to your birth and fortune.

Cla. I don't know, sir;—I own I am disturbed; I own I am uneasy; there is something weighs upon my heart, which I would fain disclose.

Lio. Upon your heart, madam; did you say your heart?

Cla. I did, sir—I——

Enter JENNY, R.H.

Jen. Madam! madam! here's a coach and six driving up the avenue—It's colonel Oldboy's family—and, I believe, the gentleman is in it that's coming to court you—Lord, I must run and have a peep at him out of the window.

[Exit, R.H.]

Lio. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Cla. Why so, sir?—Bless me, Mr. Lionel! what's the matter?—You turn pale.

Lio. Madam!

Cla. Pray speak to me, sir.—You tremble.—Tell me the cause of this sudden change.—How are you? Where's your disorder?

Lio. Oh, fortune ! fortune ! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

SONG.

*You ask me in vain,
Of what ills I complain,
Where harbours the torment I find ;
In my head, in my heart,
It invades ev'ry part,
And subdues both my body and mind.*
(*Crosses to L.H.*)

*Each effort I try,
Ev'ry med'cine apply,
The pangs of my soul to appease ;
But doom'd to endure,
What I mean for a cure,
Turns poison, and feeds the disease.*
[*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter DIANA, R.H.

Dia. My dear Clarissa—I'm glad I have found you alone.—For heaven's sake, don't let any one break in upon us—and give me leave to sit down with you a little—I am in such a tremour, such a panic—

Cla. Mercy on us, what has happened ?

Dia. You may remember I told you, that when I was last winter in London, I was followed by an odious fellow, one Harman ; I can't say but the wretch pleased me, though he is but a younger brother, and not worth sixpence—And, in short, when I was leaving town, I promised to correspond with him.

Cla. Do you think that was prudent ?

Dia. Madness ! But this is not the worst, for what do you think, the creature had the assurance to write to me about three weeks ago, desiring permission to come down and spend the summer at my father's.

Cla. At your father's !

Dia. Aye, who never saw him, knows nothing of him, and would as soon consent to my marrying a horse-jockey. He told me a long story of some tale he intended to invent, to make my father receive him as an indifferent person ; and some gentleman in London, he said, would procure him a letter that should give it a face ; and he longed to see me so, he said he could not live without it ; and if he could be permitted but to spend a week with me—

Cla. Well, and what answer did you make ?

Dia. Oh ! abused him, and refused to listen to any such thing—but—I vow I tremble while I tell it you—just before we left our house, the impudent monster arrived there, attended by a couple of servants, and is now actually coming here with my father.

Cla. Upon my word, this is a dreadful thing.

Dia. Dreadful, my dear !—I happened to be at the window as he came into the court, and I declare I had like to have fainted away.

Cla. Well, Diana, with regard to your affair—I think you must find some method of immediately informing this gentleman, that you consider the outrage he has committed against you in the most heinous light, and insist upon his going away directly.

Dia. Why, I believe that will be the best way—but then he'll be begging my pardon, and asking to stay.

Cla. Why then you must tell him positively you won't consent to it; and if he persists in so extravagant a design, tell him you'll never see him again as long as you live.

Dia. Must I tell him so?

SONG.

*For my heart beats so pit-pat throbbing,
For my heart beats whene'er he's nigh;
Then when he sues,
Can I refuse
To hear him plead?—
Not I indeed,
For my heart, &c.*

*When he softly sighs,
And I meet his eyes,
So well their meaning's understood;
Cou'd I bid him go?
Ah! no, no, no,
I'm sure I could not if I would.
For my heart, &c.*

*How oft have I tried,
With our sex's pride
And scorn his love to treat;
But again and again,
I have found 'twas in vain,
He talks so when we meet.
Tho' my heart &c.*

[Exit, R.H.]

Cla. How easy to direct the conduct of others—how hard to regulate our own!—I can give my friend advice, while I am conscious of the same indiscretions in myself. Yet is it criminal to know the most worthy, most amiable man in the world, and not to be insensible to his merit? But my father, the kindest, best of fathers—will he approve the choice I have made? Nay, has he not made another choice for me? And, after all, how can I be sure that the man I love, loves me again? He never told me so; but his looks, his actions, his present anxiety sufficiently declare what his delicacy, his generosity, will not suffer him to utter.—

SONG.

*Ye gloomy thoughts, ye fears perverse,
Like sullen vapours all disperse,
And scatter in the wind.*

*Delusive phantoms, brood of night,
No more my sickly fancy fright,
No more my reason blind.*

*'Tis done; I feel my soul releas'd;
The visions fly, the mists are chas'd,
Nor leave a cloud behind.*

[Exit, R.H.]

SCENE IV.—*Changes to a Side View of Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE'S House, with Gates, and a Prospect of the Garden.*

HARMAN enters with COLONEL OLDBOY, R.H.

Col. Well, and how does my old friend Dick Rantum do? I have not seen him these twelve years: he was an honest worthy fellow as ever breathed; I remember he kept a girl in London, and was cursedly plagued by his wife's relations.

Har. Sir Richard was always a man of spirit, colonel.

Col. But as to this business of yours, which he tells me of in his letter—I don't see much in it—an affair with a citizen's daughter—pinked her brother in a duel—Is the fellow likely to die?

Har. Why, sir, we hope not; but as the matter is dubious, and will probably make some noise, I thought it was better to be for a little time out of the way; when hearing my case sir Richard Rantum mentioned you; he said, he was sure you would permit me to remain at your house for a few days, and offered me a commendation.

Col. And there's likely to be a brat in the case—and the girl's friends are in business—I'll tell you what will be the consequence then—they will be for going to law with you for a maintenance—but no matter, I'll take the affair

in hand for you—make me your solicitor ; and, if you are obliged to pay for a single spoonful of pap, I'll be content to father all the children in the foundling hospital.

Har. You are very kind, sir.

Col. But hold—hark you—you say there's money to be had—suppose you were to marry the wench ?

Har. Do you think, sir, that would be so right after what has happened ? Besides, there's a strong objection—To tell you the truth, I am honourably in love in another place.

Col. Oh ! you are.

Har. Yes, sir, but there are obstacles—a father—In short, sir, the mistress of my heart lives in this very county, which makes even my present situation a little irksome.

Col. In this county ! Zounds ! then I am sure I am acquainted with her, and the first letter of her name is——

Har. Excuse me, sir, I have some particular reasons——

Col. But look who comes yonder—Ha ! ha ! ha ! My son, picking his steps like a dancing-master. Pr'ythee, Harman, go into the house, and let my wife and daughter know we are come, while I go and have some sport with him : they will introduce you to sir John Flowerdale.

Har. Then, sir, I'll take the liberty——

Col. But, d'ye hear, I must have a little more discourse with you about this girl ; perhaps she's a neighbour of mine, and I may be of service to you.

Har. Well, remember, colonel, I shall try your friendship.
[*Exit, L.H.U.E.*]

SONG.*

*Indulgent pow'rs, if ever
You mark'd a tender vow,
O bend in kind compassion,
And hear a lover now :*

*For titles, wealth, and honours,
While others crowd your shrine ;
I ask this only blessing,
Let her I love be mine.*

[*Exit Harman, L.H.U.E.*]

Enter MR. JESSAMY, and several Servants, R.H.

Col. Why, zounds ! one would think you had never put your feet to the ground before ; you make as much work about walking a quarter of a mile, as if you had gone a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

Mr. Jes. Colonel, you have used me extremely ill, to drag me through the dirty roads in this manner ; you told me the way was all over a bowling green ; only see what a condition I am in.

Col. Why, how did I know the roads were dirty ? Is that my fault ? Besides, we mistook the way. Zounds, man, your legs will be never the worse when they are brushed a little.

* This song is generally omitted, and "*Oh, never doubt my love !*" or any other popular song substituted.

Mr. Jes. Antoine ! have you sent La Roque for the shoes and stockings ? give me the glass out of your pocket—not a dust of powder left in my hair, and the frissure as flat as the fore-top of an attorney's clerk—get your comb and pomatum ; you must borrow some powder ? I suppose there's such a thing as a dressing-room in the house ?

Col. Aye, and a cellar too, I hope, for I want a glass of wine cursedly—but, hold ! hold ! Frank, where are you going ? Stay, and pay your devoirs here, if you please ; I see there's somebody coming out to welcome us.

Enter LIONEL, DIANA, and CLARISSA, L.H.U.E.

Lio. Colonel, your most obedient ; sir John is walking with my lady in the garden, and has commissioned me to receive you.

Col. Mr. Lionel, I am heartily glad to see you—come here, Frank—this is my son, sir.

Lio. Sir, I am exceeding proud to—

Mr. Jes. Can't you get the powder then ?

Col. Miss Clary, My little Miss Clary—give me a kiss my dear—as handsome as an angel, by heavens—Frank, why don't you come here ? this is Miss Flowerdale.

Dia. Oh heavens, Clarissa ! just as I said, that impudent devil is come here with my father.

Mr. Jes. Had'nt we better go into the house ?

QUINTETTO.

Mr. Jes. *To be made in such a pickle !
Will you please to lead the way, sir ?*

Col. *No, but, if you please, you may sir,
For precedence none will stickle.*

Dia. *Brother, no politeness ? bless me ?
Will you not your hand bestow ?
Lead the lady.*

Cla. *Don't distress me ;
Dear Diana let him go.*

Mr. Jes. *Ma'am permit me.*

Col. *Smoke the beau.*

Lio. } *Cruel must I, can I bear ;*
and } *Oh adverse stars !*
Cla. } *Oh fate severe !*

*Beset, tormented,
Each hope prevented.*

Col. *None but the brave deserve the fair,
Come ma'am let me lead you :
Now, sir, I precede you.*

All. *Lovers must ill usage bear,
Oh adverse stars ! oh fate severe ?
None but the brave deserve the fair.*

[Exeunt, L.H.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A hall, in Sir John Flowerdale's house, with the view of a grand stair-case, through an arch. On either side of the stair-case below, two doors, leading from different apartments.*

Enter LIONEL followed by JENNY, R.H.

Jen. Well, but Mr. Lionel, consider, pray consider now ; how can you be so prodigious indiscreet as you are, walking about the hall here, while the gentlefolks are within in the parlour ! Don't you think they'll wonder at your getting up so soon after dinner, and before any of the rest of the company ?

Lio. For heaven's sake Jenny, don't speak to me : I neither know where I am, nor what I am doing ; I am the most wretched and miserable of mankind.

Jen. Poor dear soul, I pity you. Yes, yes, I believe you are miserable enough indeed ; and I assure you, I have pitied you a great while, and spoke many a word in your favour, when you little thought you had such a friend in a corner.

Lio. But, good Jenny, since, by some accident or other, you have been able to discover what I would willingly hide from all the world ; I conjure you, as you regard my interest, as you value your lady's peace and honour, never let the most distant hint of it escape you ; for it is a secret of that importance—

Jen. And, perhaps, you think I can't keep a secret, Ah! Mr. Lionel, it must be hear, see, and say nothing in this world, or one has no business to live in it; besides who would not be in love with my lady? There's never a man this day alive but might be proud of it; for she is the handsomest sweetest temperdest! And I am sure one of the best mistresses, ever poor girl had.

Lio. Oh, Jenny; she's an angel!

Jen. And so she is indeed.—Do you know that she gave me her blue silk gown to-day, and it is every crum as good as new; and, go things as they will, don't you be fretting and vexing yourself, for I am mortally sartin she would liverer see a toad than this Jessamy. Though I must say, to my thinking, he's a very likely man; and, a finer pair of eye-brows, and a more delicate nose I never saw on a face.

Lio. By heavens I shall run mad.

Jen. And why so? It is not beauty that always takes the fancy: moreover, to let you know, if it was, I don't think him any more to compare to you, than a thistle is to carnation: and so's a sign; for, mark my words, my lady loves you, as much as she hates him.

Lio. What you tell me Jenny, is a thing I neither merit nor expect: No, I am unhappy and let me continue so; my most presumptuous thoughts shall never carry me to a wish that may affect her quiet, or give her cause to repent.

Jen. That's very honourable of you I must needs say! but for all that, liking's liking, and one can't help it; and, if it should be my lady's case it is no fault of yours, I am sure when she called me into her dressing-room, before she went down to dinner, there she stood with her eyes brim-full of tears; and so I fell a crying for company, and then she could not abide the chap in the parlour; and at the same time she bid me take an opportunity to speak to you, and desire you to meet her in the garden this evening after tea; for she has something to say to you.

Lio. Jenny, I see you are my friend; for which I thank you, though I know it is impossible to do me any service; take this ring and wear it for my sake.

Jen. I am very much obliged to your honour; I am your friend indeed—but, I say, you won't forget to be in the garden now; and in the mean time keep as little in the house as you can, for walls have eyes and ears; and I can tell you the servants take notice of your uneasiness, though I am always desiring them to mind their own business.

Lio. Pray have a care Jenny, have a care my dear girl, a word may breed suspicion.

Jen. Psha! have a care yourself; it is you that breeds suspicion, sighing and pining about; you look for all the world like a ghost; and if you don't pluck up your spirits you will be a ghost soon; letting things get the better of you. Though to be sure when I think with myself, being crossed in love is a terrible thing--

There was a young man in the town where I was born made away with himself upon the account of it.

Lio. Things shan't get the better of me, Jenny.

Jen. No more they don't ought. And once again I say fortune is thrown in your dish, and you are not to fling it out; my lady's estate will be better than three livings if sir John could give them to you. Think of that Mr. Lionel, think of that.

Lio. Think of what?

SONG.

*Oh talk not to me of the wealth she possesses.
My hopes and my views to herself I confine;
The splendour of riches but slightly impresses
A heart that is fraught with a passion like mine.*

*By love, only love, should our souls be cemented;
No int'rest, no motive, but that would I own;
With her in a cottage be blest and contented;
And wretched without her, tho' placed on a throne.*

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter COLONEL OLDBOY, R.H.

Col. Very well, my lady, I'll come again to you presently, I am only going into the garden for a mouthful of air. Aha! my little Abigail! Here Molly, Jenny, Betty! What's your name? Why don't you answer me, hussy, when I call you?

Jen. If you want any thing, sir, I'll call one of the footmen.

Col. The footmen ! the footmen ! Damn me, I never knew one of them, in my life, that wouldn't prefer a rascal to a gentleman—Come here, you slut, put your hands about my neck and kiss me.

Jen. Who, I sir ?

Col. Aye, here's money for you ; what the devil are you afraid of ? I'll take you into keeping ; you shall go and live at one of my tenant's houses.

Jen. I wonder you aren't ashamed, sir, to make an honest girl any such proposal ; you that have a worthy gentlewoman, nay a lady of your own.—To be sure she's a little stricken in years : but why shouldn't she grow elderly as well as yourself ?

Col. Burn a lady, I love a pretty girl—

Jen. Well, then you may go look for one, sir, I have no pretensions to the title.

Col. Why, you pert baggage you don't know me.

Jen. What do you pinch my fingers for ? yes, yes, I know you well enough, and your charekter's well known all over the country, running after poor young creatures as you do, to ruinate them.

Col. What, then people say—

Jen. Indeed, they talk very bad of you ; and whatever you may think, sir, though I'm in a menial station, I'm come of people that wou'd'nt see me put upon ; there are those that wou'd

take my part against the proudest he in the land, that should offer any thing uncivil.

Col. Well, come, let me know now, how does your young lady like my son?

Jen. You want to pump me do you! I suppose you would know whether I can keep my tongue within my teeth.

Col. She does'nt like him then?

Jen. I don't say so, sir—Isn't this a shame now—I suppose to-morrow or next day it will be reported that Jenny has been talking, Jenny said that, and t'other—But here, sir, I ax you, did I tell you any such thing?

Col. Why yes, you did.

Jen. I!—Lord bless me, how can you—

Col. Ad I'll mouzle you.

Jen. Ah! ah!

Col. What do you bawl for?

Jen. Ah! ah! ah!

SONG.

*Indeed, forsooth, a pretty youth,
To play the am'rous fool;
At such an age, methinks your rage
Might be a little cool.*

*Fie, let me go, sir,
Kiss me!--No, no, sir.
You pull me and shake me,
For what do you take me,
This figure to make me?*

*I'd have you to know
 I'm not for your game, sir ;
 Nor will I be tame, sir,
 Lord, have you no shame, sir,
 To tumble one so ?*

[Exit, R.H.]

Enter LADY MARY, DIANA, and HARMAN, L.H.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, won't you give me your hand to lead me up stairs, my dear ?—Sir, I am prodigiously obliged to you : I protest I have not been so well, I don't know when : I have had no return of my bilious complaint after dinner to-day ; and eat so voraciously ! Did you observe Miss ? Doctor Arsnic will be quite astonished when he hears it ; surely his new invented medicine has done me a prodigious deal of service.

Col. Ah ! you'll always be taking one slop or other till you poison yourself.—Give me a pinch of your ladyship's snuff.

Lady M. This is a mighty pretty sort of man, colonel, who is he !

Col. A young fellow, my lady, recommended to me.

Lady M. I protest he has the sweetest taste for poetry !—He has repeated to me two or three of his own things ; and I have been telling him of the poem my late brother lord Jessamy made on the mouse that was drowned.

Col. Aye, a fine subject for a poem ; a mouse that was drowned in a—

Lady M. Hush, my dear colonel, don't mention it; to be sure the circumstance was vastly indelicate; but for the number of lines, the poem was as charming a morsel—Pray, sir was there any news when you left London; any thing about the East Indies, the ministry, or politics of any kind? I am strangely fond of politics; but I hear nothing since my lord Jessamy's death; he used to write to me all the affairs of the nation, for he was a very great politician himself. I have a manuscript speech of his in my cabinet—He never spoke it, but it is as fine a thing as ever came from man?

Col. What is that crawling on your ladyship's petticoat?

Lady M. Where! Where!

Col. Zounds! a spider with legs as long as my arm.

Lady M. Oh heavens! ah don't let me look at it; I shall faint, I shall faint! A spider! a spider! a spider! [*Runs off, L.H.—Har. attempts to follow her, the Col. prevents him.*]

Col. Hold; zounds, let her go; I knew the spider would set her a galloping, with her damn'd fuss about her brother, my lord Jessamy.—Harman, come here.—How do you like my daughter? Is the girl you are in love with as handsome as this?

Har. In my opinion, sir.

Col. What, as handsome as Dy!—I'll lay you twenty pounds she has not such a pair of eyes.—He tells me he's in love, Dy; raging mad for love; and, by his talk, I begin to believe him.

Dia. Now, for my part, papa, I doubt it very much ; though, by what I heard the gentleman say just now within, I find he imagines the lady has a violent partiality for him ; and yet he may be mistaken there too.

Col. For shame, Dy, what the mischief do you mean ? How can you talk so tartly to a poor young fellow under misfortunes ! Give him your hand, and ask his pardon.—Don't mind her, Harman.—For all this, she is as good-natur'd a little devil as ever was born.

Har. You may remember, sir, I told you before dinner, that I had for some time carried on a private correspondence with my lovely girl ; and that her father, whose consent we despair of obtaining, is the great obstacle to our happiness.

Col. Why don't you carry her off in spite of him, then ?—I ran away with my wife—ask my lady Mary, she'll tell you the thing herself.—Her old conceited lord of a father thought I was not good enough ; but I mounted a garden-wall, notwithstanding their chevaux-de-frize of broken glass bottles, took her out of a three pair of stairs window, and brought her down a ladder in my arms—By the way, she would have squeezed through a cat-hole to get at me.—And I would have taken her out of the tower of London, damme, if it had been surrounded with the three regiments of guards.

SONG.

*'Twas on a dismal night,
When scarce a star gave light,
And that hail came rattling down,
With peppering on my crown,
That I resolv'd upon a matter.
The matter was of love,
And I as fierce as Jove ;
But my charmer was lock't up,
At a castle's very top
Yet I had fix'd to be at her.*

*A whistle then was mine,
My fair-one knew the sign—
And directly to my hopes,
Threw a ladder down of ropes ;
When I mount without delay, sir :
And when I got on high,
And did my charmer spy,
I took her in my arm,
And descended without harm,
And carried off, onray, sir.*

Dia. But surely, papa, you would not persuade the gentleman to such a proceeding as this is ; consider the noise it will make in the country ; and if you are known to be the adviser and abettor—

Col. Why, what do I care ? I say, if he takes my advice he'll run away with her, and I'll give him all the assistance I can.

Har. I am sure, sir, you are very kind ; and, to tell you the truth, I have more than once had

the very scheme in my head, if I thought it was feasible, and knew how to go about it.

Col. Feasible, and knew how to go about it! The thing's feasible enough, if the girl's willing to go off with you, and you have spirit sufficient to undertake it.

Har. O, as for that sir, I can answer.

Dia. What, sir, that the lady will be willing to go off with you?

Har. No, ma'am, that I have spirit enough to take her, if she is willing to go; and thus far I dare venture to promise, that between this and to-morrow morning I will find out whether she is or not.

Col. So he may; she lives but in this county; and tell her, Harman, you have met with a friend, who is inclined to serve you. You shall have my post-chaise at a minute's warning; and if a hundred pieces will be of any use to you, you may command 'em.

Har. And you are really serious, sir?

Col. Serious, damme if I an't. I have put twenty young fellows in the way of getting girls that they never would have thought of: and bring her to my house; whenever you come you shall have a supper and a bed; but you must marry her first, because my lady will be squeamish.

Dia. Well, but, my dear papa, upon my word you have a great deal to answer for: suppose it was your own case to have a daughter in such circumstances, would you be obliged to any one—

Col. Hold your tongue, hussy, who bid you put in your oar? However, Harman, I don't want to set you upon anything: 'tis no affair of mine to be sure; I only give you advice, and tell you how I would act if I was in your place.

Har. I assure you, sir, I am quite charmed with the advice; and since you are ready to stand my friend, I am determin'd to follow it.

Col. You are—

Har. Positively—

Col. Say no more then; here's my hand:—you understand me—no occasion to talk any further of it at present—When we are alone—Dy, take Mr. Harman into the drawing-room, and give him some tea.—I say, Harman, mum.—

Dia. You had better not give this advice.

Col. Hold your tongue, hussy—Harman, if you don't carry her off, you dog, I'll never forgive you. [Exit, R.H.]

SONG.

*O never doubt my love, thy sorrows I'll banish,
And sweetly I'll sing while the night flies away,
And e'er the wild gloom o'er the mountain shall
vanish,
Thou'lt sink on my pillow and sleep till the day.
O never doubt my love, &c.*

*O never doubt my love, its fondness shall bless thee,
'Twill soothe thee whene'er by this rude world op-
press'd;
And should the cold hand of misfortune e'er press
thee,*

*The angel of pity thou'lt find in my breast.
O never doubt my love, &c.*

[*Exeunt, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*Changes to a handsome Dressing-room, supposed to be Clarissa's. On one side, between the wings, is a table with a glass, boxes, and two chairs.*

Enter DIANA, followed by JESSAMY, R.H.

Dia. Come, brother, I undertake to be mistress of the ceremony upon this occasion, and introduce you to your first audience.—Miss Flowerdale is not here, I perceive; but no matter.—

Mr. Jes. Upon my word, a pretty elegant dressing-room this; but confound our builders, or architects, as they call themselves, they are all errant stone-masons; not one of them know the situation of doors, windows, or chimnies; which are as essential to a room as eyes, nose, and mouth to a countenance. Now, if the eyes are where the mouth should be, and the nose out of proportion and its place, *quel horrible physiognomie.*

Dia. My dear brother, you are not come here as a virtuoso to admire the temple; but as a votary to address the deity to whom it belongs. Show, I beseech you, a little more devotion, and tell me, how do you like Miss Flowerdale? don't you think her very handsome?

Mr. Jes. Pale:—but that I am determined she shall remedy; for, as soon as we are married, I will make her put on rouge:—Let me see:—has she got any in her boxes here? *Veritable toilette à la Angloise.* Nothing but a bottle of Hungary-water, two or three rows of pins, a paper of patches, and a little bole-armoniac by way of tooth-powder.

Dia. Brother, I would fain give you some advice upon this occasion, which may be of service to you: You are now going to entertain a young lady—Let me prevail upon you to lay aside those airs, on account of which some people are impertinent enough to call you a coxcomb; for, I am afraid, she may be apt to think you a coxcomb too, as I assure you she is very capable of distinguishing.

Mr. Jes. So much the worse for me.—If she is capable of distinguishing, I shall meet with a terrible repulse. I don't believe she'll have me.

Dia. I don't believe she will, indeed.

Mr. Jes. Go on, sister,—ha, ha, ha.

Dia. I protest I am serious—Though, I perceive, you have more faith in the counsellor before you there, the looking-glass. But give me leave to tell you, it is not a powder'd head, a lac'd coat, a grimace, a shrug, a bow, or a few pert phrases, learnt by rote, that constitute the power of pleasing all women.

Mr. Jes. You had better return to the gentleman and give him his tea, my dear.

Dia. These qualifications we find in our parrots and monkies. I would undertake to teach

Poll, in three weeks, the fashionable jargon of half the fine men about town ; and I am sure it must be allowed, that pug, in a scarlet coat, is a gentleman as degagé and alluring as most of them.

SONG.*

*Good folks would you know,
How to make up a beau,
Here's one ready made to your view,
His hair he must crop,
And to finish the fop,
Waistcoat, red, yellow or blue.
To use an eye-glass, is a very good plan,
For it makes a beau almost as big as a man.*

*Then his opera hat,
Like this must be flat ;
On me 'twould look well I declare,
In martial attire
Who would not admire,
Diana dressed 'en milataire !
Oh, then with the fiercest I'll strut and I'll
scold ;
Dear brother forgive me, perhaps I'm too
bold.*

[Exit, R.H.]

* The original song is descriptive of the beau of Bickerstaff's day ; we think it a curiosity, and have restored it.

SONG.

*Ladies, pray admire a figure,
Fait selon le derniere gout.
First, his hat in size no bigger
Than a Chinese woman's shoe ;*

Enter CLARISSA, L.H.

Cla. Sir, I took the liberty to desire a few moment's private conversation with you—I hope you will excuse (*Jes. brings down chairs.*) it—I am, really greatly embarrassed. But, in an affair of such immediate consequence to us both.

Mr. Jes. My dear creature don't be embarrassed before me ; I should be extremely sorry to strike you with any (*They sit.*) awe ; but, this is a species of mauvaise honte, which the company I shall introduce you to, will soon cure you of.

Cla. Upon my word, sir, I don't understand you.

Mr. Jes. Perhaps you may be under some uneasiness least I should not be quite so warm in the prosecution of this affair, as you could wish : it is true, with regard to quality, I might do better ; and, with regard to fortune, full as well—

Six yards of ribbon bind
His hair en baton behind ;
While his fore-top's so high,
That in crown he may vie
With the tufted cockatoo.

Then his waist so long and taper,
'Tis an absolute thread-paper,
Maids resist him, you that can ;
Odd's life, if this is all th' affair,
I'll clap a hat on, club my hair,
And call myself a man.

But, you please me—Upon my soul, I have not met with any thing more agreeable to me a great while.

Cla. Pray, sir, keep your seat.

Mr. Jes. Mauvaise honte again. My dear, there is nothing in these little familiarities between you and me—When we are married, I shall do every thing to render your life happy.

Cla. Ah ! sir, pardon me. The happiness of my life depends upon a circumstance—

Mr. Jes. Oh ! I understand you—You have been told, I suppose, of the Italian opera girl—Rat people's tongues—However, 'tis true, I had an affair with her at Naples, and she is now here. But, be satisfied. I'll give her a thousand pounds, and send her about her business.

Cla. Me sir ! I protest nobody told me—lord ! I never heard any such thing, or inquired about it.

Mr. Jes. Nor, have they not been chattering to you of my affair at Pisa, with the Principessa del—

Cla. No, indeed, Sir.

Mr. Jes. Well, I was afraid they might, because, in this rude country—But, why silent on a sudden ?—don't be afraid to speak.

Cla. (*They rise.*) No, sir, I will come to the subject, on which I took the liberty to trouble you—Indeed, I have great reliance on your generosity.

Mr. Jes. You'll find me as generous as a prince, depend on't.

Cla. I am bless'd, sir, with one of the best of fathers: I never yet disobeyed him; in which I have had little merit; for his commands hitherto have only been to secure my own felicity.

Mr. Jes. Apres ma chere.

Cla. But now, sir, I am under the shocking necessity of disobeying him, or being wretched for ever.

Mr. Jes. Hem!

Cla. Our union is impossible—therefore, sir, since I cannot be your wife, let me entreat permission to make you my friend. [Exit, L.H.]

Mr. Jes. Who's there?

Enter JENKINS, R.H.

Jenk. Do you call, sir?

Mr. Jes. Hark you, old gentleman; who are you?

Jenk. Sir, my name is Jenkins.

Mr. Jes. Oh! you are sir John Flowerdale's steward; a servant he puts confidence in.

Jenk. Sir, I have served sir John Flowerdale many years.

Mr. Jes. Then, Mr. Jenkins, I shall condescend to speak to you. Does your master know who I am? does he know, sir, that I am likely to be a peer of Great Briton? that I have ten thousand pounds a year; that I have passed through all Europe with distinguished eclat; that I refused the daughter of Mynheer Van Slokenfolk, the great Duch burgomaster; and, that,

if I had not had the misfortune of being bred a protestant, I might have married the niece of his present holiness the Pope, with a fortune of two hundred thousand piasters?

Jenk. I am sure, sir, my master has all the respect imaginable—

Mr. Jes. Then, sir, how comes he, after my showing an inclination to be allied to his family: how comes he, I say, to bring me to his house to be affronted? I have let his daughter go; but, I think, I was in the wrong; for a woman that insults me, is no more safe than a man. I have brought a lady to reason before now, for giving me saucy language; and left her male friends to revenge it.

Jenk. Pray, good sir, what's the matter?

Mr. Jes. Why, sir, this is the matter, sir—your master's daughter, sir, has behaved to me with damn'd insolence, and impertinence; and you may tell sir John Flowerdale, first with regard to her, that, I think she is a silly, ignorant, awkward, ill-bred country puss.

Jenk. Oh! sir, for heaven's sake—

Mr. Jes. And, that, with regard to himself, he is, in my opinion, an old doting, ridiculous, country 'squire; without the knowledge of either men or things; and, that he is below my notice, if it were not to despise him.

Jenk. Good lord! good lord!

Mr. Jes. And advise him and his daughter to keep out of my way; for, by gad, I will affront them, in the first place I meet them.—And if your master is for carrying things further; tell him, I fence better than any man in Europe.

SONG.*

*In Italy, Germany, France, have I been ;
Where princes I've liv'd with, where monarchs I've
seen ;*

*The great have caress'd me,
The fair have address'd me,
Nay, smiles I have had from a queen.*

*And, now, shall a pert,
Insignificant flirt,
With insolence use me,
Presume to refuse me !
She fancies my pride will be hurt.*

*But tout au contraire,
I'm pleas'd I declare,
Quite happy, to think, I escape from the snare :
Serviteur Mam'selle ; my claim I withdraw,
Hey ! where are my people ? Fal, lal, lal, lal, la.
[Exit, L.H.*

Jenk. I must go and inform sir John of what has happened ; but, I will not tell him of the outrageous behaviour of this young spark ; for he is a man of spirit, and would resent it. Egad, my own fingers itched to be at him, once or twice ; and, as stout as he is, I fancy these old fists would give him a bellyfull. He complains of Miss Clarissa ; but she is incapable of treating him in the manner he says. Perhaps, she may have behaved with some coldness towards him ; and yet that is a mystery to me too. [*Exit, L.H.*

* This song is sometimes omitted.

SCENE III.—*Sir John Flowerdale's Garden.*

Enter LIONEL, *leading* CLARISSA, R.H.

Lio. Hist—methought I heard a noise—should we be surprised together, at a juncture so critical; what might be the consequence—I know not how it is; but, at this the happiest moment of my life, I feel a damp, a tremor, at my heart—

Cla. Then, what should I do? If you tremble, I ought to be terrified indeed, who have discovered sentiments, which, perhaps, I should have hid, with a frankness, that, by a man less generous, less noble-minded than yourself, might be construed, to my disadvantage.

Lio. Oh! wound me not with so cruel an expression—You love me and have condescended to confess it—You have seen my torments, and been kind enough to pity them—The world, indeed, may blame you—

Cla. And, yet, was it proclaimed to the world, what could the most malicious suggest? They could but say, that, truth and sincerity got the better of forms; that the tongue dar'd to speak, the honest sensation of the mind; that while you aimed at improving my understanding, you engaged, and conquered my heart.

Lio. And, is it! is it possible?

Cla. Be calm, and listen to me: what I have done has not been lightly imagined, nor rashly undertaken: it is the work of reflection, or con-

viction; my love is not a sacrifice to my own fancy, but a tribute to your worth; did I think there was a more deserving man in the world—

Lio. If, to doat on you more than life, be to deserve you, so far I have merit; if, to have no wish, no hope, no thought, but you, can entitle me to the envied distinction of a moment's regard, so far I dare pretend.

Cla. That I have this day refused a man, with whom I could not be happy, I make no merit: born for quiet and simplicity, the crowds of the world, the noise attending pomp and distinction, have no charms for me: I wish to pass my life in rational tranquillity, with a friend, whose virtues I can respect, whose talents I can admire; who will make my esteem the basis of my affection.

Lio. O charming creature! yes, let me indulge the flattering idea; form'd with the same sentiments, the same feelings, the same tender passion for each other; nature designed us to compose that sacred union, which nothing but death can annul.

Cla. One only thing remember. Secure in each others affections, here we must rest; I would not give my father a moment's pain, to purchase the empire of the world.

Lio. Command, dispose of me as you please; angels take cognizance of the vows of innocence and virtue; and, I will believe that ours are already registered in heaven.

Cla. I will believe so too.

SONG.

*Go, and on my truth relying,
Comfort to your cares applying,
Bid each doubt and sorrow flying,
Leave to peace, and love your breast.*

*Go, and may the Pow'rs that hear us,
Still, as kind protectors near us,
Through our troubles safely steer us,
To a port of joy and rest.*

[*Exit, R.H.*

Enter SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE, L.H.

Sir J. Who's there? Lionel!

Lio. Heavens! 'tis Sir John Flowerdale.

Sir J. Who's there?

Lio. 'Tis I, sir; I am here, Lionel.

Sir J. My dear lad, I have been searching for you this half hour, and was at last told you had come into the garden: I have a piece of news, which I dare swear will shock and surprise; my daughter has refused colonel Oldboy's son, who is this minute departed the house in violent resentment of her ill-treatment.

Lio. Perhaps, sir, the gentleman may have been too impetuous, and offended Miss Flowerdale's delicacy—certainly nothing else could occasion—

Sir J. Heaven only knows—I think, indeed, there can be no settled aversion, and surely her affections are not engaged elsewhere.

Lio. Engaged, sir—No, sir.

Sir J. I think not, Lionel.

Lio. You may be positive, sir—I'm sure—

Sir J. O worthy young man! whose integrity, openness, and every good quality have rendered dear to me as my own child; I see this affair troubles you as much as it does me.

Lio. It troubles me, indeed, sir.

Sir J. However, my particular disappointment ought not to be detrimental to you, nor shall it: I well know how irksome it is to a generous mind to live in a state of dependance, and have long had it in my thoughts to make you easy for life.

Lio. Sir John, the situation of my mind at present is a little disturbed—spare me—I beseech you, spare me; why will you persist in a goodness that makes me ashamed of myself?

Sir J. There is an estate in this county which I purchased some years ago; by me it will never be missed, and who ever marries my daughter will have little reason to complain of my disposing of such a trifle for my own gratification. On the present marriage I intended to perfect a deed of gift in your favour, which has been for some time prepared; my lawyer has this day completed it, and it is yours, my dear Lionel, with every good wish that the warmest friend can bestow.

Lio. Sir, if you presented a pistol with a design to shoot me, I would submit to it; but you must excuse me, I cannot lay myself under more obligations.

Sir J. Your delicacy carries you too far; in this I confer a favour on myself: however, we'll talk no more on the subject at present, let us walk towards the house, our friends will depart else without my bidding them adieu.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

Enter DIANA and CLARISSA, R.H.

Dia. So, then, my dear Clarissa, you really give credit to the ravings of that French wretch, with regard to a plurality of worlds?

Cla. I don't make it an absolute article of belief, but I think it an ingenious conjecture with great probability on its side.

Dia. And we are a moon to the moon! Nay, child, I know something of astronomy, but that—that little shining thing there, which seems not much larger than a silver plate, should, perhaps, contain great cities like London; and who can tell but they may have kings there and parliaments, and plays and operas, and people of fashion! lord the people of fashion in the moon must be strange creatures.

Cla. Methinks Venus shines very bright in yonder corner.

Dia. Venus! O pray let me look at Venus; I suppose, if there are any inhabitants there, they must be all lovers.

Enter LIONEL, L.H.

Lio. Was ever such a wretch!—I can't stay a moment in a place; where is my repose?—fled

with my virtue. Was I then born for falsehood and dissimulation? I was, I was, and I live to be conscious of it; to impose upon my friend; to betray my benefactor, and lie, to hide my ingratitude—a monster in a moment—No, I may be the most unfortunate of men, but I will not be the most odious; while my heart is yet capable of dictating what is honest, I will obey its voice.

(*Aside, R.H.*)

Enter COLONEL OLDBOY, HARMAN, L.H.

Col. Dy, where are you? What the mischief, is this a time to be walking in the garden? The coach has been ready this half hour, and your mama is waiting for you.

Dia. I am learning astronomy, sir; do you know, papa, the moon is inhabited?

Col. Hussy, you are half a lunatic yourself; come here, things have gone just as I imagined they wou'd, the girl has refused your brother, I knew he must disgust her.

Dia. Women will want taste now and then, sir.

Col. But I must talk to the young lady a little.

Har. (To Dia.) Well, I have had a long conference with your father about the elopement, and he continues firm in his opinion that I ought to attempt it: in short, all the necessary operations are settled between us, and I am to leave his house to-morrow evening, if I can but persuade the young lady—

Dia. Aye, but I hope the young lady will have more sense—Lord, how can you tease me with your nonsense Come, sir, isn't it time for us to go in? Her ladyship will be impatient.

Col. Friend Lionel, good night to you; Miss Clarissa, my dear, though I am father to the puppy who has displeased you, give me a kiss; you served him right, and I thank you for it.

QUARTETTO.

Col. *O what a night is here for love !
Cynthia brightly shining above ;
Among the trees,
To the sighing breeze,
Fountains tinkling,
Stars a twinkling :*

Dia. *O what a night is here for love !
So may the morn propitious prove ;*

Har. *And so it will, if right I guess ;
For sometimes light,
As well as night,
A lover's hopes may bless.*

Cla. } *Farewell, my friend,*
and } *May gentle rest*

Dia. } *Calm each tumult in your breast,
Every pain and fear remove,*

Lio. *What have I done ?
Where shall I run ?
With grief and shame at once oppress'd,
How my own upbraiding shun,
Or meet my friend distress ?*

Cla. Hark to *Philomel*, how sweet,

Dia. From yonder elm.

Har. Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet.

All. O what a night is here for love!

But vainly nature strives to move;

Nor nightingale among the trees,

Nor twinkling stars, nor sighing breeze,

Nor murm'ring streams,

Nor Phœbe's beams,

Can charm unless the heart's at ease.

[Exeunt, L.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in COLONEL OLDBOY'S House.*

Enter HARMAN, with his Hat, Boots, and Whip, followed by DIANA, R.H.

Dia. Pr'ythee, hear me.

Har. My dear, what would you say?

Dia. I am afraid of the step we are going to take; indeed, I am; 'tis true, my father is the contriver of it; but, really, on consideration, I think, I should appear less culpable, if he was not so; I am at once criminal myself, and rendering him ridiculous.

Har. Do you love me!

Dia. Suppose I do, you give me a very ill proof of your love for me, when you would take advantage of my tenderness, to blind my reason : how can you have so little regard for my honour as to sacrifice it to a vain triumph ? For it is in that light I see the rash action you are forcing me to commit ; nay, methinks, my consenting to it should injure me in your own esteem. When a woman forgets what she owes herself, a lover should set little value upon anything she gives to him.

Har. Can you suppose then, can you imagine, that my passion will ever make me forget the veneration—And, an elopement is nothing, when it is on the road to matrimony.

Dia. At best, I shall incur the censure of disobedience, and indiscretion ; and, is it nothing to a young woman, what the world says of her ? Ah ! my good friend, be assured, such a disregard of the world is the first step towards deserving its reproaches.

Har. But, the necessity we are under—Mankind has too much good sense, too much good-nature—

Dia. Every one has good sense enough to see other people's faults, and good-nature enough to overlook their own. Besides, the most sacred things may be made an ill use of, and even marriage itself, if indecently and improperly—

Har. Come, get yourself ready : where is your band-box, hat, and cloak ? Slip into the garden ; be there at the iron-gate, which you showed me just now ; and, as the post-chaise comes round, I will step and take you in.

Dia. Dear Harman, let me beg of you to desist.

Har. Dear Diana, let me beg of you to go on.

Dia. I shall never have resolution to carry me through it.

Har. We shall have four horses, my dear, and they will assist us.

Dia. In short—I—cannot go with you.

Har. But before me—Into the garden—Won't you?

Dia. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter COLONEL OLDBOY, L.H.

Col. Hey-day! what's the meaning of this? Who is it went out of the room there? Have you and my daughter been in conference, Mr. Harman?

Har. Yes, faith, sir, she has been taking me to task here very severely, with regard to this affair; and she has said so much against it, and put it into such a strange light——

Col. A busy, impertinent baggage; egad I wish I had caught her meddling, and after I ordered her not: but you have sent to the girl, and you say she is ready to go with you; you must not disappoint her now.

Har. No, no, colonel; I always have politeness enough to hear a lady's reasons; but constancy enough to keep a will of my own.

Col. Very well—now let me ask you,—don't you think it would be proper, upon this occa-

to have a letter ready writ for the father, to let him know who has got his daughter, and so-forth?

Har. Certainly, sir; and I'll write it directly.

Col. You write it! you be damn'd! I won't trust you with it; I tell you, Harman, you'll commit some cursed blunder, if you don't leave the management of this whole affair to me: I have writ the letter for you myself.

Har. Have you, sir?

Col. Aye—here, read it; I think it's the thing: however, you are welcome to make any alteration.

Har. “*Sir, I have loved your daughter a great while, secretly; she assures me there is no hopes of your consenting to our marriage; I therefore take her without it. I am a gentleman who will use her well: and, when you consider the matter, I dare swear you will be willing to give her a fortune. If not, you shall find, I dare behave myself like a man—A word to the wise—You must expect to hear from me in another stile.*”

Col. Now, sir, I will tell you what you must do with this letter: as soon as you have got off with the girl, sir, send your servant back to leave it at the house, with orders to have it delivered to the old gentleman.

Har. Upon my honour, I will, colonel.

Col. But, upon my honour, I don't believe you'll get the girl: come, Harman, I'll bet you a buck, and six dozen of Burgundy, that you won't have spirit enough to bring this affair to a crisis.

Har. And, I say done first, colonel.

Col. Then look into the court there, sir ; a chaise with four of the prettiest bay geldings in England, with two boys in scarlet and silver jackets, that will whisk you along.

Har. Boys ! colonel ? Little cupids, to transport me to the summit of my desires.

Col. Aye, but for all that, it mayn't be amiss for me to talk to them a little out of the window for you.—Dick, come hither ; you are to go with this gentleman and do whatever he bids you ; and take into the chaise whoever he pleases ; and, drive like devils, do you hear ; but, be kind to the dumb beasts.

Har. Leave that to me, sir—And so, my dear colonel—

SONG.

*To fear a stranger,
Behold the soldier arm ;
He knows no danger,
When honour sounds the alarm ;
But dauntless goes,
Among his foes.*

*In Cupid's militia,
So fearless I issue ;
And as you see,
Arm'd cap-a-pie,
Resolve on death or victory. [Exit, R.H.*

Enter Lady MARY, and then JENNY, L.H.D.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, here is a note from sir John Flowerdale, it is addressed to me, intreat-

ing my son to come over there again this morning. A maid brought it: she is in the anti-chamber—We had better speak to her—child, child, why don't you come in?

Jen. I choose to stay where I am, if your ladyship pleases.

Lady M. Stay where you are! why so?

Jen. I am afraid of the old gentleman there.

Col. Afraid of me, hussy.

Lady M. Pray, colonel, have patience—Afraid—Here is something at the bottom of this—What did you mean by that expression, child?

Jen. Why the colonel knows very well, madam, he wanted to be rude with me yesterday.

Lady M. Oh, Mr. Oldboy!

Col. Lady Mary don't provoke me, but let me talk to the girl about her business. How come you to bring this note here?

Jen. Why, sir John gave it to me, to deliver to my uncle Jenkins, and I took it down to his house; but while we were talking together, he remembered that he had some business with sir John, so he desired me to bring it, because he said it was not proper to be sent by any of the common servants.

Lady M. Colonel, look in my face, and help blushing if you can.

Col. What the plague's the matter, my lady! I have not been wronging you now, as you call it.

Jen. Indeed, madam, he offer'd to make me his kept madam: I am sure his usage of me put me into such a twitter, that I did not know what I was doing all the day after.

Lady M. I don't doubt it, tho' I so lately forgave him; but as the poet says, his sex is all deceit. Read Pamela, child, and resist temptation.

Jen. Yes, madam, I will.

Col. Why I tell you, my lady it was all a joke.

Jen. No, sir, it was no joke, you made me a proffer of money, so you did, whereby I told you, you had a lady of your own, and that though she was old, you had no right to despise her.

Lady M. And how dare you mistress, make use of my name? Is it for such trollops as you to talk of persons of distinction behind their backs?

Jen. Why, madam, I only said you was in years.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale shall be inform'd of your impertinence, and you shall be turn'd out of the family; I see you are a confident creature, and I believe you are no better than you should be.

Jen. I scorn your words, madam.

Lady M. Get out of the room; how dare you stay in this room to talk impudently to me?

Jen. Very well, madam, I shall let my lady know how you have us'd me; but I shan't be turn'd out of my place, madam, nor at a loss, if I am; and if you are angry with every one that won't say you are young, I believe there is very few you will keep friends with.

SONG.

*I wonder, I'm sure, why this fuss should be made ;
For my part I'm neither asham'd nor afraid
Of what I have done, nor of what I have said.*

A servant, I hope is no slave ;

And tho', to their shames,

Some ladies call names,

I know better how to behave.

Times are not so bad,

If occasion I had,

Nor my character such I need starve on't.

And for going away,

I don't want to stay,

And so I'm your ladyship's servant.

[*Exit, L.H.D.*

Enter MR. JESSAMY, R.H.

Mr. Jes. What is the matter here ?

Lady M. I will have a separate maintenance, I will indeed. Only a new instance of your father's infidelity, my dear. Then with such low wretches, farmers' daughters, and servant wenches: but any thing with a cap on, 'tis all the same to him.

Mr. Jes. Upon my word, sir, I am sorry to tell you, that those practices very ill suit the character which you ought to endeavour to support in the world.

Lady M. Is this a recompense for my love and regard ; I, who have been tender and faithful as a turtle dove ?

Mr. Jes. A man of your birth and distinction

should, methinks, have views of a higher nature, than such low, such vulgar libertinism.

Lady M. Consider my birth and family too, lady Mary Jessamy might have had the best matches in England.

Mr. Jes. Then, sir, your grey hairs.

Lady M. I, that have brought you so many lovely sweet babes.

Mr. Jes. Nay, sir, it is a reflection on me.

Lady M. The heinous sin too—

Mr. Jes. Indeed, sir, I blush for you.

Col. S'death and fire, you little effeminate puppy, do you know who you talk to?—And you, madam, do you know who I am!—Get up to your chamber, or zounds I'll make such a—

Lady M. Ah! my dear come away from him.
[*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter a SERVANT, L.H.

Col. Am I to be tutor'd and call'd to account! How now, you scoundrel, what do you want?

Serv. A letter, sir.

Col. A letter, from whom, sirrah?

Serv. The gentleman's servant, an't please your honour, that left this just now in the post-chaise—the gentleman my young lady went away with.

Col. Your young lady, sirrah—your young lady went away with no gentleman, you dog—what gentleman! What young lady, sirrah!

Mr. Jes. There is some mystery in this—

With your leave, sir, I'll open the letter : I believe it contains no secrets.

Col. What are you going to do, you jackanapes ? you shan't open a letter of mine—Dy—Diana—Somebody call my daughter to me there.—*To John Oldboy, Esq.*—*Sir, I have lov'd your daughter a great while, secretly—consenting to our marriage—*

Mr. Jes. So so.

Col. You villain—you dog, what is it you have brought me here ?

Serv. Please your honour, if you'll have patience, I'll tell your honour—As I told your honour before, the gentleman's servant that went off just now in the post-chaise, came to the gate, and left it after his master was gone. I saw my young lady go into the chaise with the gentleman.

Mr. Jes. Why this is your own hand.

Col. Call all the servants in the house, let horses be saddled directly—every one take a different road.

Serv. Why, your honour, Dick said it was by your own orders.

Col. My orders ! you rascal ? I thought he was going to run away with another gentleman's daughter—Dy—Diana Oldboy.

[*Exit Servant, L.H.*]

Mr. Jes. Don't waste your lungs to no purpose, sir ; your daughter is half a dozen miles off by this time.

Col. Sirrah, you have been brib'd to further the scheme of a pick-pocket here.

Mr. Jes. Besides, the matter is entirely of your own contriving, as well as the letter and spirit of this elegant epistle.

Col. You are a coxcomb, and I'll disinherit you ; the letter is none of my writing, it was writ by the devil, and the devil contrived it. Diana, Margaret, my lady Mary, William, John—

[*Exit, L.H.*

Mr. Jes. I am very glad of this, prodigiously glad of it upon my honour—he ! he ! he !—it will be a jest this hundred years, (*bells ring violently, on both sides.*) What's the matter now ? O ! her ladyship has heard of it, and is at her bell ; and the Colonel answers her. A pretty duet ; but a little too much upon the forte me-thinks : it would be a diverting thing now, to stand unseen at the old gentleman's elbow.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Enter COLONEL OLDBOY, with one Boot, a Great-coat on his Arm, &c. followed by several Servants, M.D.

Col She's gone, by the lord ; fairly stole away, with that poaching, coney-catching rascal ! However, I won't follow her ; no, damme ; take my whip, and my cap, and my coat, and order the groom to unsaddle the horses ; I won't follow her the length of a spurleather. Come here, you sir, and pull off my boot ; (*whistles*) she has made a fool of me once, she shan't do it a second time ; not but I'll be reveng'd too, for I'll never give her sixpence ; the disappoint-

ment will put the scoundrel out of temper, and and he'll thrash her a dozen times a day; the thought pleases me, I hope he'll do it.—What do you stand gaping and staring at, you impudent dogs? are you laughing at me? I'll teach you to be merry at my expense.—

SONG.

*A rascal, a hussy; zounds! she that I counted
In temper so mild, so unpractis'd in evil:
I set her a horse-back, and no sooner mounted,
Than, crack, whip and spur, she rides post to the devil.
But there let her run,
Be ruin'd undone;
If I go to catch her,
Or back again fetch her,
I'm worse than the son of a gun.*

*A mischief possess'd me to marry;
And further my folly to carry,
To be still more a sot,
Sons and daughter I got,
And pretty ones, by the lord Harry.*

[*Exeunt, M.D.*

SCENE II.—Clarissa's Dressing-room.

*Enter CLARA, R.H. melancholy, with a Book in her
Hand, meeting JENNY, L.H.*

Cla. Where have you been Jenny? I was enquiring for you—why will you go out without letting me know?

Jen. Dear ma'am, never any thing happen'd

so unlucky ; I am sorry you wanted me—But I was sent to colonel Oldboy's with a letter ; where I have been so used—lord have mercy upon me—quality indeed—I say quality—pray, madam, do you think that I looks any ways like and immodest parson—to be sure I have a gay air, and I can't help it, and I loves to appear a little genteelish, that's what I do.

Cla. Jenny, take away this book.

Jen. Heaven preserve me, madam, you are crying.

Cla. O my dear Jenny !

Jen. My dear mistress, what's the matter ?

Cla. I am undone.

Jen. No, madam ; no, lord forbid !

Cla. I am indeed—I have been rash enough to discover my weakness for a man who treats me with contempt.

Jen. Is Mr. Lionel ungrateful, then ?

Cla. I have lost his esteem for ever, Jenny. Since last-night, that I fatally confess'd what I should have kept a secret from all the world, he has scarce condescended to cast a look at me, nor give me an answer when I spoke to him, but with coldness and reserve.

Jen. Then he is a nasty, barbarous inhuman brute.

Cla. Hold, Jenny, hold ; it is all my fault.

Jen. Your fault, madam ! I wish I was to hear such a word come out of his mouth : if he was a minister to-morrow, and to say such a thing from his pulpit, and I by, I'd tell him it was false upon the spot. (*A knock, L.H.*)

Cla. Somebody's at the door ; see who it is.

Jen. You in fault indeed—that I know to be the most virtuous, nicest, most delicatest—

(*Goes to the door.*)

Cla. How now ?

Jen. Madam, it's a message from Mr. Lionel. If you are alone, and at leisure, he would be glad to wait upon you ; I'll tell him, madam, that you are busy.

Cla. Where is he, Jenny ?

Jen. In the study, the man says.

Cla. Then go to him, and tell him I should be glad to see him : but do not bring him up immediately, because I will stand in the balcony a few minutes for a little air.

Jen. Do so, dear madam, for your eyes are as red as ferrets, you are ready to faint too ; mercy on us, for what do you grieve and vex yourself—if I was as you—

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Cla. Oh !

SONG.

*Why with sighs my heart is swelling,
 Why with tears my eyes o'erflow ;
 Ask me not, 'tis past the telling,
 Mute involuntary woe.*

*Who to winds and waves a stranger,
 Vent'rous tempts the inconstant seas,
 In each billow fancies danger,
 Shrinks at every rising breeze.*

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE *and* JENKINS, L.H.

Sir J. So then, the mystery is discovered:—but is it possible that my daughter's refusal of colonel Oldboy's son, should proceed from a clandestine engagement, and that engagement with Lionel?

Jenk. Yes, sir, and it is my duty to tell you; else I would rather die than be the means of wounding the heart of my dear young lady; for if there is one upon earth of truly noble and delicate sentiments—

Sir J. I thought so once, Jenkins.

Jenk. And think so still: O good sir John, now is the time for you to exert that character of worth and gentleness which the world so deservedly has given you. You have indeed cause to be offended; but consider, sir, your daughter is young, beautiful, and amiable; the poor youth unexperienced, sensible, and at a time of life when such temptations are hard to be resisted: their opportunities were many, their cast of thinking the same—

Sir J. Jenkins, I can allow for all these things; but the young hypocrites, there's the thing, Jenkins; their hypocrisy, their hypocrisy wounds me.

Jenk. Call it by a gentler name, sir, modesty on her part, apprehension on his.

Sir J. Then what opportunity have they had? They never were together but when my sister or myself made one of the company; besides, I

had so firm a reliance on Lionel's honour and gratitude.—

Jenk. Sir, I can never think that nature stamp'd that gracious countenance of his, to mask a corrupt heart.

Sir J. How! at the very time that he was conscious of being himself the cause of it, did he not show more concern at this affair than I did? Nay, don't I tell you that last night, of his own accord, he offered to be a mediator in the affair, and desired my leave to speak to my daughter? I thought myself obliged to him, consented; and, in consequence of his assurance of success, wrote that letter to colonel Oldboy, to desire the family would come here again to-day.

Jenk. Sir, as we were standing in the next room, I heard a message delivered from Mr. Lionel, desiring leave to wait upon your daughter; I dare swear they will be here presently; suppose we were to step into that closet, and overhear their conversation?

Sir J. What, Jenkins, after having lived so many years in confidence with my child, shall I become an eves-dropper to detect her?

Jenk. It is necessary at present—Come in, my dear master, let us only consider that we were once young like them; subject to the same passions, the same indiscretions; and it is the duty of every man to pardon errors incident to his kind.

[*Exeunt, M.D*

Enter CLARISSA, R.H. and LIONEL, L.H.D.

Cla. Sir, you desired to speak to me ; I need not tell you the present situation of my heart ; it is full. Whatever you have to say, I beg you will explain yourself ; and if possible, rid me of the anxiety under which I have laboured for some hours.

Lio. Madam, your anxiety cannot be greater than mine ; I come, indeed to speak to you ; and yet, I know not how, I came to advise you, shall I say as a friend ? yes, as a friend to your glory, your felicity ; dearer to me than my life.

Cla Go on, sir.

Lio. Sir John Flowerdale, madam, is such a father as few are blest with ; his care, his prudence has provided for you a match—Your refusal renders him inconsolable. Listen to no suggestions that would pervert you from your duty, but make the worthiest of men happy by submitting to his will.

Cla. How, sir, after what passed between us yesterday evening, can you advise me to marry Mr. Jessamy ?

Lio. I would advise you to marry any one, madam, rather than a villain.

Cla. A villain sir.

Lio. I should be the worst of villains, madam, was I to talk to you in any other strain : Nay, am I not a villain, at once treacherous and ungrateful ? Received into this house as an asylum : what have I done ! Betrayed the confidence of

the friend that trusted me ; endeavoured to sacrifice his peace, and the honour of his family, to my own unwarrantable desires.

Cla. Say no more, sir ; say no more ; I see my error too late ; I have parted from the rules prescribed to my sex ; I have mistaken indecorum for a laudable sincerity ; and it is just I should meet with the treatment my imprudence deserves.

Lio. 'Tis I, and only I, am to blame ; while I took advantage of the father's security, I practised upon the tenderness and ingenuity of the daughter ; my own imagination gone astray, I artfully laboured to lead yours after it : but here, madam, I give you back those vows which I insidiously extorted from you ; keep them for some happier man, who may receive them without wounding his honour, or his peace.

Cla. For heaven's sake—

Lio. Oh ! my Clarissa, my heart is broke ; I am hateful to myself for loving you ; yet, before I leave you for ever, I will once more touch that lovely hand—indulge my fondness with a last look——pray for your health and prosperity.

Cla. Can you forsake me ? Have I then given my affections to a man who rejects and disregards them ? Let me throw myself at my father's feet ; he is generous and compassionate :—He knows your worth——

Lio. Mention it not ; were you stript of fortune, reduced to the meanest station, and I monarch of the globe, I should glory in raising you

to universal empire ; but as it is—farewell !
farewell !

*O dry those tears ! like melted ore,
Fast dropping on my heart they fall ;
Think, think, no more of me ; no more
The mem'ry of past scenes recall.*

*On a wild sea of passion toss'd,
I split upon the fatal shelf,
Friendship and love at once are lost,
And now I wish to lose myself.*

[Exit, L.H.D.]

Enter JENNY, R.H.

Jen. O madam ! I have betray'd you. I have gone and said something I should not have said to my uncle Jenkins ; and, as sure as day, he has gone and told it all to Sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN and JENKINS, M.D.

Cla. My father !

Sir J. Go, Jenkins, and desire that young gentleman to come back—stay where you are—But what have I done to my child ? How have I deserved that you should treat me like an enemy ? Has there been any undesigned rigour in my conduct, or terror in my looks ?

Cla. Oh sir !

Enter LIONEL, L.H.D.

Jenk. Here is Mr. Lionel.

Sir J. Come in—When I tell you that I am instructed in all your proceedings, and that I have been ear-witness to your conversation in this place ; you will, perhaps, imagine what my thoughts are of you, and the measures which justice prescribes me to follow.

Lio. Sir I have nothing to say in my own defence ; I stand before you self-convicted, self-condemned, and shall submit without murmuring to the sentence of my judge.

Sir J. As for you, Clarissa, since your earliest infancy you have known no parent but me ; I have been to you, at once, both father and mother ; and, that I might the better fulfil those united duties, though left a widower in the prime of my days, I would never enter into a second marriage—I loved you for your likeness to your dear mother ; but that mother never deceived me—and there the likeness fails—you have repaid my affection with dissimulation—Clarissa you should have trusted me. As for you, Mr. Lionel, what terms can I find strong enough to paint the excess of my friendship !—I loved, I esteemed, I honoured your father : he was a brave, a generous, and a sincere man ; I thought you inherited his good qualities—you were left an orphan, I adopted you, put you upon the footing of my own son ; educated you like a gentleman ; and designed you for a profession, to which, I thought, your virtues would

have been an ornament. What return you have made me, you seem to be acquainted with yourself; and, therefore, I shall not repeat it—Yet, remember, as an aggravation of your guilt, that the last mark of my bounty was conferred upon you in the very instant, when you were undermining my designs. Now, sir, I have but one thing more to say to you—Take my daughter: was she worth a million, she is at your service.

Lio. To me sir!—your daughter—do you give her to me?—Without fortune—without friends!—without—

Sir J. You have them all in your heart; him whom virtue raises, fortune cannot abase.

Cla. O, sir, let me on my knees kiss that dear hand—acknowledge my error, and entreat forgiveness and blessing.

Sir J. You have not erred, my dear daughter; you have distinguished. It is I should ask pardon, for this little trial of you; for I am happier in the son-in-law you have given me, than if you had married a prince—

Lio. My patron—my friend—my father—I would fain say something; but, as your goodness exceeds all bounds—

Sir J. I think I hear a coach drive into the court; it is colonel Oldboy's family; I will go and receive them. Don't make yourself uneasy at this; we must endeavour to pacify them as well as we can. My dear Lionel, if I have made you happy, you have made me so; Hea-

ven bless you, my children, and make you deserving of one another.

[*Exeunt Sir John and Jenkins, L.H.*]

CLARISSA, LIONEL, JENNY.

Jen. O dear, madam, upon my knees, I humbly beg your forgiveness—Dear Mr. Lionel, forgive me—I did not design to discover it, indeed—and you won't turn me off, madam, will you? I'll serve you for nothing.

Cla. Get up, my good Jenny; I freely forgive you if there is any thing to be forgiven, I know you love me; and, I am sure here is one who will join with me in rewarding your services.

Jen. Well, if I did not know, as sure as could be, that some good would happen, by my left eye itching this morning. [*Exit, R.H.*]

DUET.

Lio. O bliss unexpected! my joys overpow'r me!
My love, my Clarissa, what words shall I find!

Remorse, desperation, no longer devour me—
He bless'd us, and peace is restor'd to my mind.

Cla. He bless'd us! O rapture! Like one I recover,
Whom death had appall'd without hope, without aid;

A moment depriv'd me of father and lover;
A moment restores, and my pangs are repaid.

Lio. Forsaken, abandoned,

Cla. ————— *What folly ! what blindness !*

Lio. *We fortune accus'd ;*

Cla. ————— *and the fates that decreed :*

Both. *But pain was inflicted by heaven, out of kindness,*

To heighten the joys that were doom'd to succeed.

Our day was o'ercast

But brighter the scene is,

The sky more serene is,

And softer the calm for the hurricane past.

[Exeunt, L.H.]

Enter LADY MARY OLDBOY, MR. JESSAMY, leading her ; JENNY, and afterwards SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE, with COLONEL OLDBOY, M.D.

Lady M. 'Tis all in vain, my dear ;—set me down anywhere ; I can't go a step further—I knew, when Mr. Oldboy insisted upon my coming, that I should be seized with a meagrim by the way ; and it's well I did not die in the coach.

Mr. Jes. But, pr'ythee, why will you let yourself be affected with such trifles—Nothing more common than for young women of fashion to go off with low fellows.

Lady M. Only feel, my dear, how I tremble ! Not a nerve but what is in agitation ; and my blood runs cold ! cold !

Mr. Jes. Well, but lady Mary, don't let us expose ourselves to those people ; I see there is not one of the rascals about us, that has not a grin upon his countenance.

Lady M. Expose ourselves ; my dear ! Your father will be as ridiculous as Hudibras, or don Quixotte.

Mr. Jes. Yes, he will be very ridiculous indeed.

Enter JENKINS, L.H.

Sir J. I give you my word, my good friend, and neighbour, the joy I feel upon this occasion, is greatly allayed by the disappointment of an alliance with your family ; but I have explained to you how things have happened--You see my situation ; and, as you are kind enough to consider it yourself, I hope you will excuse it to your son.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale, how do you do ? You see we have obey'd your summons ; and I have the pleasure to assure you, that my son yielded to my intreaties with very little disagreement : in short, if I may speak metaphorically, he is content to stand candidate again, notwithstanding his late repulse, when he hopes for an unanimous election.

Col. Well, but, my lady, you may save your rhetoric ; for the borough is disposed of to a worthier member.

Mr. Jes. What do you say, sir ?

Enter LIONEL, CLARISSA, and JENNY, L.H.

Sir J. Here are my son and daughter.

Lady M. Is this pretty sir John ?

Sir J. Believe me, madam, it is not for want of a just sense of Mr. Jessamy's merit, that this affair has gone off on any side: but the heart is a delicate thing; and after it has once felt, if the object is meritorious, the impression is not easily effac'd; it would, therefore, have been an injury to him, to have given him in appearance what another in reality possessed.

Mr. Jes. Upon my honour, upon my soul, sir John, I am not in the least offended at this *contre temps*—Pray, lady Mary, say no more about it.

Col. Tol, lol, lol, lol.

Sir J. But, my dear colonel, I am afraid, after all, this affair is taken amiss by you; yes, I see you are angry on your son's account; but let me repeat it, I have a very high opinion of his merit.

Col. Aye! that's more than I have. Taken amiss! I don't take any thing amiss; I never was in better spirits, or more pleased in my life.

Sir J. Come, you are uneasy at something, colonel.

Col. Me! Gad I am not uneasy—Are you a justice of peace? Then you could give me a warrant, cou'dn't you? You must know, sir John, a little accident has happen'd in my family since I saw you last, and you and I may shake hands—Daughters, sir, daughters! Your's has snapt at a young fellow without your approbation; and how do you think mine has serv'd me this morning?—only run away with the scoundrel I brought to dinner here yesterday.

Sir J. I am excessively concerned.

Col. Now I'm not a bit concern'd—No, damn me, I am glad it has happened; yet, thus far, I'll confess, I should be sorry that either of them would come in my way, because a man's temper may sometimes get the better of him, and I believe I should be tempted to break her neck, and blow his brains out.

Cla. But pray, sir, explain this affair.

Col. I can explain it no farther.—Dy, my daughter Dy, has run away from us.

Enter DIANA and HARMAN, L.H.

Dia. No, my dear papa, I am not run away; and, upon my knees, I intreat your pardon for the folly I have committed; but, let it be some alleviation, that duty and affection, were too strong to suffer me to carry it to extremity: and, if you knew the agony I have been in, since I saw you last——

Lady M. How's this?

Har. Sir, I restore your daughter to you; whose fault, as far as it goes, I must also take upon myself; we have been known to each other for some time; as lady Richly, your sister, in London, can acquaint you——

Col. Dy, come here——Now, you rascal, where's your sword; if you are a gentleman you shall fight me; if you are a scrub, I'll horse-whip you—Shut the door there, don't let him escape.

Har. Sir, don't imagine I want to escape; I am extremely sorry for what has happened,

but am ready to give you any satisfaction you think proper.

Col. Follow me into the garden then—Zounds ! I have no sword about me—Sir John Flowerdale—lend us a case of pistols, or a couple of guns ; and, come and see fair play.

Cla. My dear papa !

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, if you attempt to fight I shall expire.

Sir J. Pray, colonel, let me speak a word to you in private.

Col. Slugs and a saw-pit——

Mr. Jes. What business are you of, friend ?

Har. My chief trade, sir, is plain dealing ; and, as that is a commodity you have no reason to be very fond of, I would not advise you to purchase any of it by impertinence.

Col. And is this what you would advise me to ?

Sir J. It is, indeed, my dear old friend ; as things are situated, there is, in my opinion, no other prudent method of proceeding ; and it is the method I would adopt myself, was I in your case.

Col. Why, I believe you are in the right of it—say what you will for me then.

Sir J. Well ! young people, I have been able to use a few arguments, which have softened my neighbour here ; and in some measure pacified his resentment. I find, sir, you are a gentleman by your connections ?

Har. Sir, till it is found that my character and family will bear the strictest scrutiny, I desire no favour—And for fortune—

Col. Oh ! rot your fortune, I don't mind that—I know you are a gentleman, or Dick Rantum would not have recommended you. And so, Dy, kiss and friends.

Mr. Jes. What, sir, have you no more to say to the man who has used you so ill ?

Col. Us'd me ill !—That's as I take it—he has done a mettled thing ; and, perhaps, I like him the better for it ; it's long before you would have spirit enough to run away with a wench—Harman give me your hand ; let's hear no more of this now—Sir John Flowerdale, what say you ? shall we spend the day together, and dedicate it to love and harmony ?

Sir J. With all my heart.

Col. Then take off my great coat.

QUARTETTO.

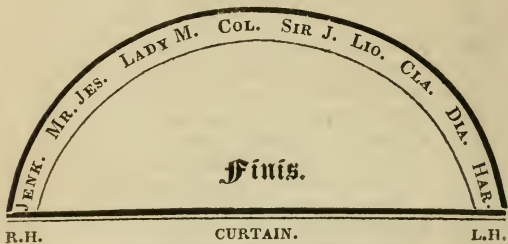
Lio. Come then, all ye social pow'rs,
Shed your influence o'er us,
Crown with bliss the present hours,
And lighten those before us.
May the just, the generous, kind,
Still see that you regard 'em ;
And Lionels for ever find,
Clarissas to reward 'em.

Cla. Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of sacred passion ;
But will never bow before
Those idols, wealth, or fashion.
May, like me, each maiden wife,
From the fop defend her ;
Learning, sense, and virtue prize,
And scorn the vain pretender.

Har. *Why the plague should men be sad,
While in time we moulder?
Grave, or gay, or vex'd or glad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy will quickly find us;
Drink, and laugh, and dance, and sing,
And cast our cares behind us.*

Dia. *How shall I escape—so naught,
On filial laws to trample;
I'll e'en curtsey, own my fault,
And plead papa's example.
Parents 'tis a hint to you,
Children oft are shameless;
Oft transgress—the thing's too true.
But are you always blameless?
One word more before we go;
Girls and boys have patience;
You to friends must something owe,
As well as to relations.
These kind gentlemen address—
What though we forgave 'em,
Still they must be lost, unless
You lend a hand to save 'em.*

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.





Oxberry's Edition.

THE CRITIC ;

OR,

A TRAGEDY REHEARSED,

A DRAMATIC PIECE ;

By R. B. Sheridan.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY
MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS,
AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, *Comedian.*

B O S T O N :

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1822.

ASTENOR

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Remarks.

THE CRITIC.

THIS piece, though not so uniformly brilliant as *The School for Scandal*, is yet worthy of Sheridan, a name that at once forms the glory and the disgrace of the British nation. That it is our glory belongs to the genius of him who bore it! that it is our disgrace is the fault of the heartless avarice, the stupid insensibility to talent, which could suffer such merit to expire in unpitied poverty! The time was, when English Nobles and English Princes were the fosterers of genius, but that time has past away, and the rich of the present century employ their wealth much more to their own satisfaction as well as glory of the nation. They are of opinion with Farmer Ashfield, who held genius to be the worst horse in the stable, but then they go beyond the honest farmer in their practice; for it does not appear that he denied the worthless animal either food or shelter, while these gentlemen will grant him neither one nor the other.

The plan of *The Critic* is not altogether new to the English language; we have something very similar to it in the *Rehearsal of Buckingham*, and the *Pasquin* of Fielding; but the merit of the execution belongs entirely to Sheridan, and his work is likely to outlive those of his predecessors not only from its superior brilliancy, but because it is less

local in its language and character ; it is true that Sir Fretful was the portrait, and no very favourable one, of the celebrated Cumberland, but the feelings of Sir Fretful are the feelings of all times and all people. Had Sheridan given only a portrait of peculiar manners, the value of the portrait must have been in a great measure lost with the original ; but by painting passions he has formed a work that is not likely to lose any of its interest till the last spark of taste amongst us is extinguished.—“ Yet after all it was a scurvy trick.”—Poor Cumberland was a lively writer, an elegant though perhaps not profound scholar, and, if the chronicles of the time lie not, an amiable and worthy man.

Let the earth cover and protect its dead !
 And let man's breath thither return in peace
 From whence it came ; his spirit to the skies,
 His body to the clay of which 'twas form'd,
 Imparted to him as a loan for life,
 Which he and all must render back again
 To earth, the common mother of mankind.

Moschion, in the Observer.

So wrote Cumberland ; let him have the benefit of its application ; his life was a life of pain, and malice has been busy with him in the grave ; weeds have grown abundantly round it, and holy is the labour that plucks a nettle from the habitation of the dead.

The dialogue of the Critic has more humour and less wit than the School for Scandal, in which respect it seems nearly allied to the author's earlier work of the Rivals. The humour, indeed, is extremely rich ; and we must con-

fess, though we expect the opinion will be received “*naso adunco*,” that we think humour a higher quality than wit. The involuntary absurdities of Dangle are to us a higher treat than all the smart speeches of Mr. Sneer, who, however, is a wit of the first order ; for instance, Dangle’s declaration that the Interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two,* and the praying chorus, are delightful.

It is perhaps a misfortune that Sheridan wrote the *School for Scandal* at so early a period of his career ; the very excellence of this piece seems to have terrified him, and paralyzed his powers ; having no one else to fear, he feared himself, but we have no right to complain ; had he written only one of his excellent Comedies, he had done enough for his own glory and that of his brilliant, though neglected country.

* *A portion of the text omitted in the Representation.*

Prologue.

BY THE HONOURABLE RICHARD FITZPATRICK.

The Sister Muses, whom these realms obey,
Who o'er the Drama hold divided sway,
Sometimes, by evil counsellors, 'tis said,
Like earth-born potentates have been misled.
In those gay days of wickedness and wit,
When Villiers criticiz'd what Dryden writ,
The Tragic Queen, to please a tasteless crowd,
Had learn'd to bellow, rant, and roar so loud,
That frighten'd Nature, her best friend before,
The blust'ring beldam's company forswore,
Her comic Sister, who had wit 'tis true,
With all her merits, had her failings too ;
And would sometimes in mirthful moments use
A style too flippant for a well-bred Muse.
Then female modesty abash'd began
To seek the friendly refuge of the fan,
Awhile behind that slight intrenchment stood,
'Till driv'n from thence, she left the stage for good.
In our more pious, and far chaster times !
These sure no longer are the Muse's crimes !
But some complain that, former faults to shun,
The reformation to extremes has run.
The frantic hero's wild delirium past,
Now insipidity succeeds bombast ;

So slow Melpomene's cold numbers creep,
Here dulness seems her drowsy court to keep,
And we, are scarce awake, whilst you are fast asleep. }
Thalia, once so ill behav'd and rude,
Reform'd, is now become an arrant prude,
Retailing nightly to the yawning pit,
The purest morals, undefil'd by wit !
Our Author offers in these motley scenes,
A slight remonstrance to the Drama's queens,
Nor let the goddesses be over nice ;
Free spoken subjects give the best advice.
Although not quite a novice in his trade,
His cause to-night requires no common aid.
To this, a friendly, just, and pow'rful court,
I come Ambassador to beg support.
Can be undaunted, brave the critic's rage ?
In civil broils, with brother bards engage ?
Hold forth their errors to the public eye,
Nay more, e'en Newspapers themselves defy ?
Say, must his single arm encounter all ?
By numbers vanquish'd, e'en the brave may fall ;
And though no leader should success distrust,
Whose troops are willing, and whose cause is just ;
To bid such hosts of angry foes defiance,
His chief dependance must be, **YOUR ALLIANCE.**

Time of Representation.

'The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and three quarters.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. - - - - - is meant - - - - - Right Hand.
L.H. - - - - - Left Hand.
S.E. - - - - - Second Entrance.
U.E. - - - - - Upper Entrance.
M.D. - - - - - Middle Door.
D.F. - - - - - Door in Flat.
R.H.D. - - - - - Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. - - - - - Left Hand Door.

Costume.

DANGLE.

Blue coat, white waistcoat and breeches.

SNEER.

Brown coat, white waistcoat, and black breeches.

PUFF.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, and drab coloured breeches.

SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.

Half dress suit.

MRS. DANGLE.

Fashionable morning dress.

LORD BURLEIGH.

Black velvet doublet, trunks and cloak.

EARL LEICESTER.

Brown—ibid.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

Blue—ibid.

BEEFEATER.

Beefeater's dress.

WHISKERANDOS.

Blue and orange Spanish dress.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Buff and scarlett—ibid.

TILBURINA.

First dress.—Brocade petticoat, body, and train.—Second dress.—White satin, and white muslin veil.

CONFIDANT

First dress.—Brocade gown.—Second dress—White muslin.

NIECES.

Brocade Petticoats, body's, and trains.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-lane.</i>	<i>Covent-garden.</i>
<i>Dangle</i> - - - - -	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Sneer</i> - - - - -	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Sir Fretful Plagiary</i> - - - - -	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. W. Farren.
<i>Under Prompter</i> - - - - -	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. King.
<i>Puff</i> - - - - -	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Mrs. Dangle</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Conner.

Characters of the Tragedy.

<i>Lord Burleigh</i> - - - - -	Mr. Marshall.	Mr. Williams.
<i>Governor of Tilbury Fort</i> - - -	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Comer.
<i>Earl of Leicester</i> - - - - -	Mr. Coveney.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i> - - - - -	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Treby.
<i>Sir Christopher Hatton</i> - - - -	Mr. Minton.	Mr. Menage.
<i>Master of the Horse</i> - - - - -	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Beefeater</i> - - - - -	Mr. Smith.	Mr. J. Russell.
<i>Don Ferolo Whiskerandos</i> - - -	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Liston.
<i>First Niece</i> - - - - -	Miss Ivers.	Mrs. Coates.
<i>Second Niece</i> - - - - -	Miss Cooke.	Mrs. Sexton.
<i>Confidant</i> - - - - -	Miss Tidswell.	
<i>Tilburina</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Gibbs.

Guards, Constables, Servants, Chorus, Rivers, Attendants, &c. &c.

THE CRITIC.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Mr. and Mrs. Dangle at Breakfast, and reading Newspapers.*

DANGLE (*Reading, L.H.*)

‘BRUTUS to Lord North.’—‘Letter the Second on the State of the Army.’—Pshaw ! ‘To the first L—dash D of the A—dash Y.’—‘Genuine extract of a Letter from St. Kitt’s.’—‘Coxheath intelligence.’—‘It is now confidently asserted that Sir Charles Hardy.’—Pshaw !—Nothing but about the fleet and the nation !—and I hate all politics but theatrical politics.—Where’s the Morning Chronicle ?

Mrs. D. (R.H.) Yes, that’s your Gazette.

Dan. So, here we have it.—

‘*Theatrical intelligence extraordinary.*’—‘We hear there is a new tragedy in rehearsal at Drury-lane theatre, call’d the Spanish Armada, said to be written by Mr. Puff, a gentleman well known

‘in the theatrical world; if we may allow ourselves to give credit to the report of the performers, who, truth to say, are in general but indifferent judges, this piece abounds with the most striking and received beauties of modern composition.’—So! I am very glad my friend Puff’s tragedy is in such forwardness.—Mrs. Dangle, my dear, you will be very glad to hear that Puff’s tragedy—

Mrs. D. Lord, Mr. Dangle, why will you plague me about such nonsense?—Now the plays are begun, I shall have no peace.—Isn’t it sufficient to make yourself ridiculous by your passion for the theatre, without continually teasing me to join you?—Why can’t you ride your hobby-horse without desiring to place me on a pillion behind you, Mr. Dangle?

Dan. Nay, my dear, I was only going to read—

Mrs. D. No, no; you will never read any thing that’s worth listening to:—you hate to hear about your country; there are letters every day with Roman signatures, demonstrating the certainty of an invasion, and proving that the nation is utterly undone.—But you never will read any thing to entertain one.

Dan. What has a woman to do with politics, Mrs. Dangle?

Mrs. D. And what have you to do with the theatre, Mr. Dangle?—Why should you affect the character of a critic? I have no patience with you!—haven’t you made yourself the jest of all your acquaintance by your interference in matters where you have no business?—Are not

you call'd a theatrical Quidnunc, and a mock Mæcenas to second-hand authors?

Dan. True; my power with the managers is pretty notorious; but is it no credit to have applications from all quarters for my interest?—From lords to recommend fiddlers, from ladies to get boxes, from authors to get answers, and from actors to get engagements?

Mrs. D. Yes, truly; you have contrived to get a share in all the plague and trouble of theatrical property, without the profit, or even the credit of the abuse that attends it.

Dan. I am sure, Mrs. Dangle, you are no loser by it, however; you have all the advantages of it: mightn't you, last winter, have had the reading of the new Pantomime a fortnight previous to its performance?—And doesn't Mr. Spring let you take places for a play before it is advertis'd, and set you down for a box for every new piece through the season?—And didn't my friend, Mr. Smatter, dedicate his last farce to you at my particular request, Mrs. Dangle?

Mrs. D. Yes: but wasn't the farce damn'd, Mr. Dangle?—And to be sure it is extremely pleasant to have one's house made the motley rendezvous of all the lacqueys of literature: the very high change of trading authors and jobbing critics!—Yes, my drawing-room is an absolute register-office for candidate actors, and poets without character; then to be continually alarmed with Misses and Ma'ams piping hysteric changes on Juliet's and Dorindas, Pollys and Ophelias; and the very furniture trembling at the

probationary starts and unprovok'd rants of would-be Richards and Hamlets!—And what is worse than all, now that the manager has monopoliz'd the opera-house, haven't we the Signors and Signoras calling here, sliding their smooth semibreves, and garbling glib divisions in their outlandish throats;—with foreign emissaries and French spies, for aught I know, disguised like fiddlers and figure dancers!

Dan. Mercy! Mrs. Dangle!

Mrs. D. And to employ yourself so idly at such an alarming crisis as this too—when, if you had the least spirit, you would have been at the head of one of the Westminster associations—or trailing a volunteer pike in the Artillery Ground!—But you—o'my conscience, I believe if the French were landed to-morrow, your first inquiry would be, whether they had brought a theatrical troop with them.

Dan. Mrs. Dangle, it does not signify—I say the stage is 'the Mirror of Nature,' and the actors are 'the abstract, and brief Chronicles of the time:—'—and pray what can a man of sense study better? Besides, you will not easily persuade me that there is no credit or importance in being at the head of a band of critics, who take upon them to decide for the whole town, whose opinion and patronage all writers solicit, and whose recommendation no manager dares refuse!

Mrs. D. Ridiculous—Both managers and authors of the least merit laugh at your pretensions.—The public is their critic,—without whose fair approbation they know no play can

rest on the stage, and with whose applause they welcome such attacks as yours, and laugh at the malice of them, where they can't at the wit.

Dan. Very well,—madam, very well.

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Mr. Sneer, sir, to wait on you.

Dan. O, show Mr. Sneer up. [*Exit Servant, L.H.*] Plague on't, now we must appear loving and affectionate. or Sneer will hitch us into a story.

Mrs. D. With all my heart; you can't be more ridiculous than you are.

Dan. You are enough to provoke—

Enter SNEER, L.H.

Ha! my dear Sneer, I am vastly glad to see you. My dear, here's Mr. Sneer.

Mrs. D. Good morning to you, sir.

Dan. Mrs. Dangle and I have been diverting ourselves with the papers.—Pray, Sneer, won't you go to Drury-lane theatre the first night of Puff's tragedy?

Sneer. Yes; but I suppose one shan't be able to get in, for on the first night of a new piece they always fill the house with orders to support it. But here, Dangle, I have brought you two pieces, one of which you must exert yourself to make the managers accept, I can tell you that, for 'tis written by a person of consequence.

Dan. So! now my plagues are beginning.

Sneer. Aye, I am glad of it, for now you'll be happy. Why, my dear Dangle, it is a pleasure to see how you enjoy your volunteer fatigue, and your solicited solicitations.

Dan. It's a great trouble ;—yet, egad, it's pleasant too.—Why, sometimes of a morning, I have a dozen people call on me at breakfast time, whose faces I never saw before, nor ever desire to see again.

Sneer. That must be very pleasant indeed !

Dan. And not a week but I receive fifty letters, and not a line in them about any business of my own.

Sneer. An amusing correspondence !

Dan. (*Reading.*) “ Bursts into tears, and exit.” What, is this a tragedy !

Sneer. No, that's a genteel comedy, not a translation,—only *taken from the French* ; it is written in a style which they have lately tried to run down ; the true sentimental, and nothing ridiculous in it from the beginning to the end.

Mrs. D. Well, if they had kept to that, I should not have been such an enemy to the stage, —there was some edification to be got from those pieces, Mr. Sneer.

Sneer. (*Crosses to centre.*) I am quite of your opinion, Mrs. Dangle ; the theatre, in proper hands, might certainly be made the school of morality ; but now, I am sorry to say it, people seem to go there principally for their entertainment.

Mrs. D. It would have been more to the credit of the managers to have kept it in the other line.

Sneer. Undoubtedly, madam, and hereafter perhaps to have had it recorded, that in the midst of a luxurious and dissipated age, they preserv'd *two* houses in the capital, where the conversation was always moral at least, if not entertaining !

Dan. Now, egad, I think the worst alteration is in the nicety of the audience. No double entendre, no smart inuendo admitted ; even Vanbrugh and Congreve obliged to undergo a bungling reformation !

Sneer. Yes, and our prudery in this respect is just on a par with the artificial bashfulness of a courtesan who increases the blush upon her cheek in an exact proportion to the diminution of her modesty.

Dan. Sneer can't even give the public a good word !—But what have we here ?—This seems a very odd—

Sneer. O, that's a comedy, on a very new plan ; replete with wit and mirth, yet of a most serious moral ! You see it is call'd "The Reformed Housebreaker ;" where, by the mere force of humour, housebreaking is put into so ridiculous a light, that if the piece has its proper run, I have no doubt but that bolts and bars will be entirely useless by the end of the season.

Dan. Egad, this is new indeed !

Sneer. Yes ; it is written by a particular friend of mine, who has discovered that the follies and foibles of society, are subjects unworthy the notice of the comic muse, who should be taught to stoop only at the greater vices and blacker

crimes of humanity ;—gibbeting capital offences in five acts, and pilloring petty larcenies in two.—In short, his idea is to dramatize the penal laws, and make the stage a court of ease to the Old Bailey.

Dan. It is truly moral.

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dan. Beg him to walk up. [*Exit Servant, L.H.*] Now, Mrs. Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs. D. I confess he is a favourite of mine, because every body else abuses him.

Sneer. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

Dan. But, egad, he allows no merit to any author but himself, that's the truth on't ; tho' he's my friend.

Sneer. Never.—He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty : and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dan. Very true, egad ; tho' he's my friend.

Sneer. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures ; tho', at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorch'd parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism : yet is he so covetous of popularity, that

he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

Dan. There's no denying it;—tho' he is my friend.

Sneer. You have read the tragedy he has just finish'd, haven't you?

Dan. O yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dan. Why, between ourselves, egad I must own,—tho' he's my friend,—that it is one of the most—He's here, (*Aside.*)—finished and most admirable perform—

Sir F. (*Without, L.H.*) Mr. Sneer with him did you say?

Enter SIR FRETFUL, L.H.

Ah, my dear friend!—Egad, we were just speaking of your tragedy.—Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer. You never did any thing beyond it, Sir Fretful,—never in your life.

Sir F. (*Crosses to Centre.*) You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there is'nt a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do your's;—and Mr. Dangle's.

Mrs. D. They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful: for it was but just now that—

Dan. Mrs. Dangle!—Ah, Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle.—My friend Sneer was rallying just now.—He knows how she admires you, and—

Sir F. O Lord, I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—A damn'd double-faced fellow (*Aside* .

Dan. Yes, yes,—Sneer will jest,—but a better humour'd—

Sir F. O, I know—

Dan. He has a ready turn for ridicule,—his wit costs him nothing.—

Sir F. No. egad,—Or I should wonder how he came by it. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. D. Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

Dan. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet?—or can I be of any service to you?

Sir F. No, no, I thank you: I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it.—I thank you tho'—I sent it to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre this morning.

Sneer. I should have thought now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it,) better at Drury Lane.

Sir F. O lud! no—never send a play there while I live,—harkee! (*Whispers Sneer.*)

Sneer. Writes himself!—I know he does—

Sir F. I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune—I say nothing—but this I will say—through all my knowledge of life, I have observed—that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

Sneer. I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

Sir F. Besides ;—I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

Sneer. What, they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary ?

Sir F. Steal !—to be sure they may ; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make em pass for their own.

Sneer. But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and *he* you know never—

Sir F. That's no security.—A dext'rous plagiarist may do any thing.—Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

Sneer. That might be done, I dare be sworn.

Sir F. And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole.—

Dan. If it succeeds.

Sir F. Aye,—but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it.

Sneer. I'll tell you how you may hurt him more—

Sir F. How ?—

Sneer. Swear he wrote it.

Sir F. Plague on't now, Sneer, I shall take it ill.—I believe you want to take away my character as an author !

Sneer. Then I am sure you ought to be very much oblig'd to me.

Sir F. Hey!—sir!—

Dan. O you know, he never means what he says.

Sir F. Sincerely then—you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir F. But come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—
Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dan. Why faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to—

Sir F. With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious!—but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true – Why then, tho' I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir F. Sir you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. Good god!—you surprise me!—wants incident!—

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F. Good god! believe me, *Mr. Sneer*, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference, —but I protest to you, *Mr. Sneer*, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear *Dangle*, how does it strike you?

Dan. Really I can't agree with my friend

Sneer.—I think the plot quit sufficient ; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest any thing, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir F. Rises ; I believe you mean, sir.

Dan. No ; I don't upon my word.

Sir F. Yes, yes, you do upon my soul ;—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you ; no, no, it don't fall off.

Dan. Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light ?

(Dangle and Sneer retire up the stage.)

Mrs. D. No, indeed, I did not :—I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir F. Upon my soul the women are the best judges after all !

Mrs. D. Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece ; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir F. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time ; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out ?

Mrs. D. O lud ! no.—I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir F. Then I am very happy,—very happy indeed,—because the play is a short play, a remarkable short play :—I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste ; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. D. Then, I suppose, it must have been

Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir F. O, if Mr. Dangle read it! that's quite another affair;—but I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and an half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs. D. I hope to see it on the stage next.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Dan. (*Dangle and Sneer come down, L.H. and R.H.*) Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.---

Sir F. The newspapers!—sir, they are the most villanous—licentious—abominable—infernal—not that I ever read them—no—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dan. You are quite right;—for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir F. No!—quite the contrary;—their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things.—An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that's true;—and that attack now on you the other day—

Sir F. What? where?

Dan. Aye, you mean in the paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured to be sure.

Sir F. O, so much the better;—ha! ha! ha! —I wou'dn't have it otherwise.

Dan. Certainly it is only to be laugh'd at ;
for—

Sir F. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you ?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle ;—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious—

Sir F. O lud, no !—anxious,—not I,—not the least.—I—but one may as well hear you know.

Dan. Sneer, do *you* recollect ?—make out something. (*Aside.*)

Sneer. I will. (*To Dangle.*)—Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F. Well, and pray now ;—not that it signifies :—what might the gentleman say ?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention, or original genius whatever ; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir F. Ha ! ha ! ha !—very good !

Sneer. That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common place-book,—where stray jokes, and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

Sir F. Ha ! ha ! ha !—very pleasant !

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste :—but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you ; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments,—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir F. Ha ! ha !

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares thro' the fantastic incumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

Sir F. Ha! ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your stile, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir F. Ha!—

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize!—

Sir F. (*After great agitation.*) Now another person would be vex'd at this.

Sneer. Oh! but I wou'dn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir F. I know it,—I *am* diverted,—ha! ha! ha!—not the least invention! ha! ha! ha! very good!—very good!

Sneer. Yes, — no genius! ha! ha! ha!

Dan. A severe rogue! ha! ha! ha! but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir F. 'To be sure;—for if there is any thing to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be grati-

fied at it, and if it is abuse,—why one is always sure to hear of it from one damn'd good-natured friend or another!

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Mr. Puff, sir, has sent word that the last rehearsal is to be this morning, and that he'll call on you presently.

Dan. That's true—I shall certainly be at home. [*Exit Servant, L.H.*] Now, Sir Fretful, if you have a mind to have justice done you in the way of answer,—egad, Mr. Puff's your man

Sir F. Pshaw! sir, why should I wish to have it answered, when I tell you I am pleased at it?

Dan. True, I had forgot that. But I hope you are not fretted at what Mr. Sneer—

Sir F. Zounds! no, Mr. Dangle, don't I tell you these things never fret me in the least.

Dan. Nay I only thought—

Sir F. And let me tell you, Mr. Dangle 'tis damn'd affronting in you to suppose that I am hurt, when I tell you I am not.

Sneer. But why so warm, Sir Fretful?

Sir F. Gadslife! Mr. Sneer, you are as absurd as I angle; how often must I repeat it to you, that nothing can vex me but your supposing it possible for me to mind the damn'd nonsense you have been repeating to me!—and let me tell you, if you continue to believe this, you must mean to insult me, gentlemen; and then your disrespect will affect me no more than the newspaper criticisms;—and I shall treat it—with ex-

actly the same calm indifference and philosophic contempt ;—and so your servant. [*Exit, L.H.*

Sneer. Ha! ha! ha! poor sir Fretful! now will he go and vent his philosophy in anonymous abuse of all modern critics and authors; but, Dangle, you must get your friend Puff to take me to the rehearsal of his tragedy.

Dan. I'll answer for't; he'll thank you for desiring it. But come and help me to judge of this musical family; they are recommended by people of consequence, I assure you

Sneer. I am at your disposal the whole morning;—but I thought you had been a decided critic in music, as well as in literature.

Dan. So I am—but I have a bad ear. I'faith, Sneer, tho', I am afraid we were a little too severe on sir Fretful;—tho' he is my friend.

Sneer. Why, 'tis certain, that unnecessarily to mortify the vanity of any writer, is a cruelty which mere dulness never can deserve; but where a base and personal malignity usurps the place of literary emulation, the aggressor deserves neither quarter nor pity.

Dan. That's true, egad!—tho' he's my friend!

Re-enter SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Mr. Puff, sir.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Dan. My dear Puff!

Enter PUFF, L.H.

Puff. My dear Dangle, how is it with you?

Dan. Mr. Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr. Puff to you.

Puff. Mr. Sneer is this? (*Crosses to Centre.*) Sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honour of knowing—a gentleman whose critical talents and transcendant judgment—

Sneer. Dear sir—

Dan. Nay, don't be modest, Sneer, my friend Puff only talks to you in the style of his profession.

Sneer. His profession!

Puff. Yes, sir; I make no secret of the trade I follow—among friends and brother authors, Dangle knows I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself *viva voce*—I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric, or to speak more plainly—a professor of the art of puffing, at your service,—or any body else's.

Sneer. Sir, you are very obliging! I believe, Mr. Puff, I have often admired your talents in the daily prints.

Puff. Yes, sir, I flatter myself I do as much business in that way as any six of the fraternity in town;—devilish hard work all the summer—friend Dangle! never worked harder!—but harkee,—the winter managers were a little sore I believe.

Dan. No—I believe they took it all in good part—

Puff. Aye!—then that must have been affectation in them; for egad, there were some of the attacks which there was no laughing at!

Sneer. Aye, the humorous ones;—but I should

think Mr. Puff, that authors would in general be able to do this sort of work for themselves.

Puff. Why yes—but in a clumsy way.—Besides, we look on that as an encroachment, and so take the opposite side.—I dare say now you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see, to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends?—no such thing—nine out of ten, manufactured by me in the way of business.

Sneer. Indeed!

Puff. Even the auctioneers now—the auctioneers I say, tho' the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit their's!—take them out of their pulpits, and they are as dull as catalogues!—no, sir;—'twas I first enrich'd their style—'twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other—like the bidders in their own auction-rooms!—from *me* they learn'd to inlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor:—by *me* too their inventive faculties were called forth. Yes, sir, by *me* they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits;—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves;—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil! or on emergencies to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!

Dan. I am sure you have done them infinite service; for now, when a gentleman is ruined, he parts with his house with some credit.

Sneer. Service! if they had any gratitude, they would erect a statue to him; they would figure him as a presiding Mercury, the god of traffic and fiction, with a hammer in his hand instead of a caduceus. But pray, Mr. Puff, what first put you on exercising your talents in this way.

Puff. Egad, sir—sheer necessity—the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention: you must know, Mr. Sneer, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement, my success was such, that for some time after, I led a most extraordinary life indeed!

Sneer. How, pray?

Puff. Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes.

Sneer. By your misfortunes!

Puff. Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness, and other occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

Sneer. From sickness and misfortunes!—you practised as a doctor, and attorney at once?

Puff. No, egad; both maladies and miseries were my own.

Sneer. Hey! what the plague!

Dan. 'Tis true, i'faith.

Puff. Harkee!—by advertisements—'To the charitable and humane!' and 'To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!'

Sneer. Oh,—I understand you.

Puff. And, in truth, I deserved what I got;

for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time !—sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes ! then, sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all, both times !—I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs !—that told very well ; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

Dan. Egad, I believe that was when you first call'd on me—

Puff. In November last ?—O no !—I was at that time a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend !—I was afterwards, twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption !—I was then reduced to—O no—then, I became a widow with six helpness children,—after having had eleven husbands pressed, and being left every time eight months gone with child, and without money to get me into a hospital !

Sneer. And you bore all with patience, I make no doubt ?

Puff. Why, yes,—tho' I made some occasional attempts at *felo de se* ; but as I did not find those *rash actions* answer, I left off killing myself very soon.—Well, sir,—at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together

a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishment, thro' my favourite channels of diurnal communication;—and so, sir, you have my history.

Sneer. Most obligingly communicative indeed; and your confession if published, might certainly serve the cause of true charity, by rescuing the most useful channels of appeal to benevolence from the cant of imposition.—But surely Mr. Puff, there is no great *mystery* in your present profession?

Puff. Mystery! sir, I will take upon me to say, the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule before.

Sneer. Reduced to rule?

Puff. O lud, sir! you are very ignorant, I am afraid.—Yes, sir,—Puffing is of various sorts—the principal are, the puff direct—the puff preliminary—the puff collateral—the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication.—These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of ‘letter to the editor’—‘occasional anecdote’—‘impartial critique’—‘observation from a correspondent,’—or ‘advertisement from the party.’

Sneer. The puff direct I can conceive—

Puff. O yes, that's simple enough,—for instance—a new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theatres (though by the bye they don't bring out half what they ought to do.) The author, suppose Mr. Smatter, or Mr. Dap-

per—or any particular friend of mine—very well; the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received—I have the plot from the author,—and only add—characters strongly drawn—highly coloured—hand of a master—fund of genuine humour—mine of invention—neat dialogue—attic salt! then for the performance—Mr. Dodd was astonishingly great in the character of Sir Harry! that universal and judicious actor, Mr. Palmer, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the Colonel; but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. King:—indeed he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience! as to the scenery—the miraculous powers of Mr. De Louthembourg's pencil are universally acknowledged!—in short, we are at a loss which to admire most,—the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers,—the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers!

Sneer. That's pretty well indeed, sir.

Puff. O cool—quite cool—to what I sometimes do.

Sneer. And do you think there are any who are influenced by this?

Puff. O, lud! yes, sir;—the number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed!

Sneer. Well, sir, the puff preliminary.

Puff. O that, sir, does well in the form of a

caution.—In a matter of gallantry now—Sir Flimsy Gossamer, wishes to be well with Lady Fanny Fete—he applies to me—I open trenches for him with a paragraph in the Morning Post.—It is recommended to the beautiful and accomplished Lady F. four stars F dash E to be on her guard against that dangerous character, Sir F dash G ; who, however pleasing and insinuating his manners may be, is certainly not remarkable for the *constancy of his attachments!*—in italics.—Here you see, Sir Flimsy Gossamer is introduced to the particular notice of Lady Fanny ;—who, perhaps never thought of him before,—she finds herself publicly cautioned to avoid him, which naturally makes her desirous of seeing him ;—the observation of their acquaintance causes a pretty kind of mutual embarrassment, this produces a sort of sympathy of interest,—which, if Sir Flimsy is unable to improve effectually, he at least gains the credit of having their names mentioned together, by a particular set, and in a particular way,—which nine times out of ten is the full accomplishment of modern gallantry.

Dan. Egad, Sneer, you will be quite an adept in the business.

Puff Now, sir, the puff collateral is much used as an appendage to advertisements, and may take the form of anecdote.—Yesterday, as the celebrated George Bon-Mot was sauntering down St. James's Street, he met the lively Lady Mary Myrtle, coming out of the Park,—‘ Good God, Lady Mary, I’m surprised to meet you in a white jacket,—for I expected never to have seen you,

‘but in a full trimmed uniform, and a light-horse-
 ‘man’s cap!’—‘heavens, George, where could
 you have learned that?’—‘why,’ replied the
 wit, ‘I just saw a print of you, in a new publi-
 ‘cation, called the Camp Magazine, which, by
 ‘the bye, is a devillish clever thing.—and is sold
 ‘at No. 3, on the right hand of the way, two
 ‘doors from the printing-office, the corner of Ivy
 ‘Lane, Paternoster Row, price only one shil-
 ‘ling!’

Sneer. Very ingenious indeed.

Puff. But the puff collusive is the newest of
 any; for it acts in the disguise of determined
 hostility.—It is much used by bold booksellers
 and enterprising poets.—An indignant correspon-
 dent observes—that the new poem, called Beel-
 zebub’s Cotillion, or Proserpine’s Fete Champe-
 tre, is one of the most unjustifiable performan-
 ces he ever read! the severity with which cer-
 tain characters are handled is quite shocking!
 and as there are many descriptions in it too
 warmly coloured for female delicacy, the shame-
 ful avidity with which this piece is bought by all
 people of fashion, is a reproach on the taste of
 the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the
 age!—here you see the two strongest induce-
 ments are held forth:—first, that nobody ought
 to read it;—and secondly, that every body buys
 it; on the strength of which, the publisher bold-
 ly prints the tenth edition, before he had sold
 ten of the first; and then establishes it by
 threatening himself with the pillory, or abso-
 lutely indicting himself for scan. mag!

Dan. Ha ! ha ! ha !—'gad I know it is so.

Puff. As to the puff oblique, or puff by implication, it is too various and extensive to be illustrated by an instance ; it attracts in titles, and presumes in patents ; it lurks in the *limitation* of a subscription, and invites in the assurance of crowd and incommodation at public places ; it delights to draw forth concealed merit, with a most disinterested assiduity ; and sometimes wears a countenance of smiling censure and tender reproach.—It has a wonderful memory for parliamentary debates, and will often give the whole speech of a favoured member with the most flattering accuracy. But, above all, it is a great dealer in reports and suppositions. It has the earliest intelligence of intended preferments that will reflect *honour* on the *patrons* ; and embryo promotions of modest gentlemen,—who know nothing of the matter themselves. It can hint a ribband for implied services, in the air of a common report ; and with the carelessness of a casual paragraph, suggest officers into commands,—to which they have no pretension but their wishes. This, sir, is the last principal class of the art of puffing,—an art which I hope you will now agree with me, is of the highest dignity ;—yielding a tablature of benevolence and public spirit ; befriending equally trade, gallantry, criticism, and politics : the applause of genius ! the register of charity ! the triumph of heroism ! the self-defence of contractors ! the fame of orators !—and the gazette of ministers !

Sneer. Sir I am completely a convert both to

the importance and ingenuity of your profession ; and now, sir, there is but one thing which can possibly increase my respect for you, and that is, your permitting me to be present this morning, at the rehearsal of your new tragedy——

Puff. Hush, for heaven's sake.—*My* tragedy !—egad, Dangle, I take this very ill ; you know how apprehensive I am of being known to be the author.

Dan. I'faith I would not have told ; but it's in the papers, and your name at length,—in the Morning Chronicle.

Puff. Ah ! those damn'd editors never can keep a secret !—well, Mr. Sneer,—no doubt you will do me great honour—I shall be infinitely happy ;—highly flattered—

Dan. I believe it must be near the time ;—shall we go together ?

Puff No ; (*crosses to L.H.*) it will not be yet this hour, for they are always late at that theatre : besides, I must meet you there, for I have some little matters here to send to the papers, and a few paragraphs to scribble before I go. (*Looking at memorandums.*)—Here is ' a conscientious baker, on the subject of the army ' bread ;' and ' a detester of visible brick-work, ' in favour of the new invented stucco ;' both in the style of Junius, and promised for tomorrow.—The Thames navigation too is at a stand.—Misomud or Anti-shoal must go to work again directly.—Here too are some political memorandums I see ; aye—to take Paul Jones, and get the Indiamen out of the Shannon—rein-

force Byron--compel the Dutch to--so!--I must do that in the evening papers, or reserve it for the Morning Herald, for I know that I have undertaken to-morrow, besides, to establish the unanimity of the fleet in the Public Advertiser, and to shoot Charles Fox in the Morning Post--So, egad, I ha'n't a moment to lose!

Dan. Well!--we'll meet in the Green Room.

[*Exeunt Puff, L.H.--Dangle and Sneer, R.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Theatre.*

Enter DANGLE, PUFF, and SNEER, as before the Curtain, L.H. Dangle R.H. of Puff, and Sneer, L.H.

Puff. No, no, sir; what Shakspeare says of actors may be better applied to the purpose of plays; *they* ought to be 'the abstract and brief chronicles of the times.' Therefore when history, and particularly the history of our own country, furnishes any thing like a case in point, to the time in which an author writes, if he knows his own interest, he will take advantage of it; so, sir, I call my tragedy 'The Spanish Armada;' and have laid the scene before Tilbury Fort.

Sneer. A most happy thought certainly!

Dan. Egad it was:--I told you so.---But pray

now I don't understand how you have contrived to introduce any love into it.

Puff. Love! oh nothing so easy: for it is a received point among poets, that where history gives you a good heroic out-line for a play, you may fill up with a little love at your own discretion: in doing which, nine times out of ten, you only make up a deficiency in the private history of the times. Now I rather think I have done this with some success.

Sneer. No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?

Puff. O lud! no, no,—I only suppose the governor of Tilbury Fort's daughter to be in love with the son of the Spanish admiral.

Sneer. Oh, is that all!

Dan. Excellent, i'faith! I see it at once.—But won't this appear rather improbable?

Puff. To be sure it will—but what the plague! a play is not to show occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange, that tho' they never *did*, they might happen.

Sneer. Certainly nothing is unnatural, that is not physically impossible.

Puff. Very true---and for that matter Don Ferolo Whiskerandos---for that's the lover's name, might have been over here in the train of the Spanish ambassador; or Tilburina, for that is the lady's name, might have been in love with him from having heard his character, or seen his picture; or from knowing that he was the last man in the world she ought to be in love with---or for any other good female reason.---However, sir, the fact is, that tho' she is but a knight's

daughter, egad she is in love like any princess !

Dan. Poor young lady ; I feel for her already ! for I can conceive how great the conflict must be between her passion and her duty ; her love for her country, and her love for Don Ferolo Whiskerandos !

Puff. O amazing !—her poor susceptible heart is swayed to and fro, by contending passions like—

Enter UNDER PROMPTER, L.H.

Under P. Sir, the scene is set, and every thing is ready to begin if you please.

Puff. Egad ; then we'll lose no time.

Under P. Tho' I believe, sir, you will find it very short, for all the performers have profited by the kind permission you granted them.

Puff. Hey ! what !

Under P. You know, sir, you gave them leave to cut out or omit whatever they found heavy or unnecessary to the plot, and I must own they have taken very liberal advantage of your indulgence.

Puff. Well, well.—They are in general very good judges ; and I know I am luxuriant.—Now, Mr. Hopkins, as soon as you please.

Under P. (*To the music.*) Gentlemen, will you play a few bars of something, just to—

Puff. Aye, that's right,—for as we have the scenes, and dresses, egad, we'll go to't, as if it was the first night's performance ; but you need not mind stopping between the acts

(*Orchestra plays.—Then the Bell rings.*)

Soh ! stand clear, gentlemen.—Now you know there will be a cry of down !---down !---hats off ! ---silence !---Then up curtain, and let us see what our painters have done for us.

(*The Curtain rises, and discovers Tilbury Fort.--- Two Centinels asleep, R.H. and L.H.*)

Dan. Tilbury Fort !—very fine indeed !

Puff. Now, what do you think I open with ?

Sneer. Faith, I can't guess—

Puff. A clock—Hark !—(*Clock strikes.*) I open with a clock striking, to beget an awful attention in the audience ;—it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the Eastern hemisphere.

Dan. But pray, are the centinels to be asleep ?

Puff. Fast as watchmen.

Sneer. Isn't that odd, tho' at such an alarming crisis ?

Puff. To be sure it is,—but smaller things must give way to a striking scene at the opening ; that's a rule. And the case is, that two great men are coming to this very spot to begin the piece ; now, it is not to be supposed they would open their lips, if these fellows were watching them, so, egad, I must either have sent them off their posts, or set them asleep.

Sneer. O, that accounts for it ! But tell us who are these coming !

Puff. These are they.—Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Christopher Hatton.—You'll know Sir Christopher, by his turning out his toes,—famous you know for his dancing. I like to preserve all the little traits of character. Now attend.

(*Dan. and Sneer seated, L.H.*)

Enter SIR WALTER RALEIGH and SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON, R.H.

'*Sir C.* True, gallant Raleigh!—

Dan. What, they had been talking before?

Puff. O, yes; all the way as they came along. I beg pardon, gentlemen, (*To the Actors.*) but these are particular friends of mine, whose remarks may be of great service to us. Don't mind interrupting them whenever any thing strikes you. (*To Sneer and Dangle.*)

'*Sir C.* True, gallant Raleigh!

'But O, thou champion of thy country's fame,

'There is a question which I yet must ask;

'A question, which I never ask'd before;—

'What mean these mighty armaments?

'This general muster? And this throng of chiefs?

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Puff, how came Sir Christopher Hatton never to ask that question before?

Puff. What, before the play began? How the plague could he?

Dan. That's true i'faith!

Puff. But you will hear what he thinks of the matter.

'*Sir C.* Alas, my noble friend, when I behold

‘ Yon tented plains in martial symmetry [lines
 ‘ Array’d—When I count o’er yon glittering
 ‘ Of crested warriors, where the proud steeds
 neigh,
 ‘ And valour-breathing trumpet’s shrill appeal,
 ‘ Responsive vibrates on my list’ning ear ;
 ‘ When virgin majesty herself I view,
 ‘ Like her protecting Pallas veil’d in steel,
 ‘ With graceful confidence exhort to arms !
 ‘ When briefly all I hear or see bears stamp
 ‘ Of martial vigilance, and stern defence,
 ‘ I cannot but surmise.—Forgive, my friend,
 ‘ If the conjecture’s rash ; I cannot but
 ‘ Surmise.—The state some danger apprehends !’

Sneer. A very cautious conjecture that.

Puff. Yes, that’s his character ; not to give an opinion, but on secure grounds ; now then.

‘ *Sir W.* O, most accomplished Christopher !’

Puff. He calls him by his christian name, to show that they are on the most familiar terms.

‘ *Sir W.* O most accomplish’d Christopher, I find

‘ Thy staunch sagacity still tracks the future,
 ‘ In the fresh print of the o’ertaken past.’

Puff. Figurative !

‘ *Sir W.* Thy fears are just.

‘ *Sir C.* But where ? Whence ? When ? and
 What ?

‘ The danger is :—methinks I fain would learn.

‘ *Sir W.* You know, my friend, scarce two
 ‘ revolving suns, [course,

‘ And three revolving moons, have closed their
 ‘ Since haughty Philip, in despite of peace,

‘ With hostile hand hath struck at England’s trade.

‘ *Sir C.* I know it well.

‘ *Sir W.* Philip, you know, is proud Iberia’s

‘ *Sir C.* He is. [king !

‘ *Sir W.* His subjects in base bigotry

‘ And Catholic oppression held,—while we,

‘ You know, the Protestant persuasion hold.

‘ *Sir C.* We do. [armament,

‘ *Sir W.* You know beside,—his boasted

‘ The fam’d Armada,—by the Pope baptized,

‘ With purpose to invade these realms—

‘ *Sir C.* Is failed,

‘ Our last advices so report.

‘ *Sir W.* While the Iberian admiral’s chief

‘ His darling son— [hope,

‘ *Sir C.* Ferolo Whiskerandos hight—

‘ *Sir W.* The same ;—by chance a pris’ner

‘ hath been ta’en,

‘ And in this fort of Tilbury—

‘ *Sir C.* Is now [top

‘ Confin’d ;—’tis true, and oft from yon tall turret

‘ I’ve mark’d the youthful Spaniard’s haughty

‘ Unconquer’d, tho’ in chains.— [mien

‘ *Sir W.* You also know’—

Dan. Mr. Puff, as he *knows* all this, why does Sir Walter go on telling him ?

Puff. But the audience are not supposed to know any thing of the matter, are they ?

Sneer. True, but I think you manage ill : for there certainly appears no reason why Sir Walter should be so communicative.

Puff. For, egad now, that is one of the most

ungrateful observations I ever heard,—for the less inducement he has to tell all this, the more I think you ought to be oblig'd to him; for I am sure you'd know nothing of the matter without it.

Dan. That's very true, upon my word.

Puff. But you will find he was *not* going on.

'*Sir C.* Enough, enough,—'tis plain,—and I
'Am in amazement lost!'— [no more]

Puff. Here, now you see, Sir Christopher did not in fact ask any one question for his own information.

Sneer. No, indeed:—his has been a most disinterested curiosity.

Dan. Really, I find, we are very much oblig'd to them both.

Puff. I'o be sure you are. Now then for the commander in chief, the earl of Leicester! who, you know, was no favourite but of the queen's.—We left off—'in amazement lost!'—

'*Sir C.* Am in amazement lost.— [preme
'But, see where noble Leicester comes! su-
'In honours and command.

'*Sir W.* And yet methinks
'At such a time, so perilous, so fear'd,
'That staff might well become an abler grasp.

'*Sir C.* And so, by heav'n! think I; but soft,
'he's here!'

Puff. Aye, they envy him.

Sneer. But who are those with him?

Puff. O! very valiant knights; one is the governor of the fort, the other the master of the horse.—And now, I think you shall hear some

better language : I was obliged to be plain and intelligible in the first scene, because there was so much matter of fact in it; but now, i'faith, you have trope, figure, and metaphor, as plentiful as noun-substantives.

Enter EARL OF LEICESTER, *the* GOVERNOR, *and*
others, R.H.

Leic. How's this, my friends ! is't thus your
' new-fledg'd zeal

' And plumed valour moulds in roosted sloth ?
' Why dimly glimmers that heroic flame,
' Whose redd'ning blaze by patriot spirit fed,
' Should be the beacon of a kindling realm ?
' Can the quick current of a patriot heart,
' Thus stagnate in a cold and weedy converse,
' Or freeze in tideless inactivity ?
' No ! rather let the fountain of your valour
' Spring thro' each stream of enterprize,
' Each petty channel of conducive daring,
' Till the full torrent of your foaming wrath
' O'erwhelm the flats of sunk hostility !

Puff. There it is,—follow'd up !

' *Sir W.* No more ! the fresh'ning breath of
' thy rebuke

' Hath fill'd the swelling canvass of our souls !
' And thus, tho' fate should cut the cable of
(*All take hands.*)
' Our topmost hopes, in friendship's closing line
' We'll grapple with despair, and if we fall,
' We'll fall in glory's wake !

' *Leic.* There spoke Old England's genius !

‘Then, are we all resolv’d?

‘*All.* We are ;—all resolv’d.

‘*Leic.* To conquer,—or be free?

‘*All.* To conquer,—or be free.

‘*Leic.* All?

‘*All.* All.’

Dan. Nem. con. egad!

Puff. O yes, where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful!

‘*Leic.* Then let’s embrace ;—and

‘Now’—

Sneer. What the plague, is he going to pray?

Puff. Yes, hush!—in great emergencies, there is nothing like a prayer!

‘*Leic.* O mighty Mars!’ (*Kneels.*)

Dan. But why should he pray to *Mars*?

Puff. Hush!

‘*Leic.* If in thy homage bred,

‘Each point of discipline I’ve still observ’d;

‘Nor but by due promotion, and the right

‘Of service, to the rank of major-general

‘Have ris’n; assist thy votary now!

‘*Gov.* Yet do not rise,—hear me!

‘*Mas. of H.* And me!

‘*Knight.* And me!

‘*Sir W.* And me!

‘*Sir C.* And me!’

} (*They*
} *all*
} *Kneel.*)

Puff. Now, pray altogether.

‘*All.* Behold thy votaries submissive beg,

‘That thou wilt deign to grant them all they

‘Assist them to accomplish all their ends, [ask ;

‘And sanctify whatever means they use

‘To gain them!’

Sneer. A very orthodox quintetto!

Puff. Vastly well, gentlemen.—Is that well managed or not? Have you such a prayer as that on the stage?

Sneer. Not exactly.

Leic. (To Puff.) But, Sir, you hav'n't settled how we are to get off here. [you?

Puff. You could not go off kneeling, could

Sir W. (To Puff.) O no, sir! impossible!

Puff. It would have a good effect i'faith. if you could! exeunt praying!—Yes, and would vary the established mode of springing off with a glance at the pit.

Sneer. O never mind, so as you get them off, I'll answer for it the audience wont care how.

Puff. Well then, repeat the last line standing, and go off the old way.

'*All.* And sanctify whatever means they use
'to gain them.' [Exeunt R.H.

Dan. Bravo! a fine exit.

Sneer. Well, really Mr. Puff—

Puff. Stay a moment.—

The CENTINELS get up.

'*1st. Cen.* All this shall to Lord Burleigh's ear.

'*2d. Cen.* 'Tis meet it should.'

[Exeunt Centinels, R.H.

Dan. Hey!—why, I thought those fellows had been asleep?

Puff. Only a pretence, there's the art of it; they were spies of Lord Burleigh's.

Sneer. But isn't it odd, they were never taken notice of, not even by the commander in chief.

Puff. O lud, sir, if people who want to listen, or overhear, were not always conniv'd at in a tragedy, there would be no carrying on any plot in the world.

Dan. That's certain!

Puff. But take care, my dear Dangle, the morning gun is going to fire. (*Cannon fires.*)

Dan. Well, that will have a fine effect.

Puff. I think so, and helps to realize the scene.—(*Cannon twice.*)—What the plague!—*three* morning guns!—there never is but one!—aye, this is always the way at the theatre.—Give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it. You have no more cannon to fire?

Prom. (*From within.*) No, sir.

Puff. Now then, for soft music.

Sneer. Pray what's that for?

Puff. It shews that Tilburina is coming; nothing introduces you a heroine like soft music.—Here she comes.

Dan. And her confidant, I suppose?

Puff. To be sure: here they are;—inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne! (*Soft Music.*)

Enter TILBURINA and CONFIDANT, R.H.

‘ *Til.* Now has the whispering breath of gentle morn

‘ Bad nature's voice, and nature's beauty rise;

‘ While orient Phœbus with unborrow'd hues,

‘ Clothes the wak’d loveliness which all night
 ‘ In heav’nly drapery ! Darkness is fled. [slept,
 ‘ Now flowers unfold their beauties to the sun,
 ‘ And blushing, kiss the beam he sends to wake
 ‘ them,

‘ The strip’d carnation, and the guarded rose,
 ‘ The vulgar wallflow’r, and smart gillyflower,
 ‘ The polyanthus mean,—the dapper daisy,
 ‘ Sweet William and sweet marjoram,—and all
 ‘ The tribe of single and of double pinks !
 ‘ Now too, the feather d warblers tune their
 ‘ notes

‘ Around to charm the list’ning grove.—the lark !
 ‘ The linnet ! chatfinch ! bullfinch ! goldfinch !
 ‘ greenfinch !

‘ —But, O to me, no joy can they afford !
 ‘ Nor rose, nor wallflow’r, nor smart gillyflower,
 ‘ Nor polyanthus mean, nor dapper daisy,
 ‘ Nor William sweet, nor marjoram,—nor lark,
 ‘ Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove !’

Puff. Your white handkerchief, madam.—

Til. I thought, sir, I wasn’t to use that ’till
 ‘ heart-rending woe.’

‘ *Puff.* O yes, madam—at ‘ the finches of the
 grove,’ if you please.

‘ *Til.* Nor lark,
 ‘ Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove !’

(*Weeps.*)

Puff. Vastly well, madam !

Dan. Vastly well indeed !

‘ *Til.* For, O too sure, heart-rending woe is
 ‘ The lot of wretched Tilburina !’ [now

Dan. O !—’tis too much.

Sneer. Oh !—It is indeed.

‘ *Con.* Be comforted, sweet lady ;—for who
knows [store.

‘ But heav’n has yet some milk-white day in

‘ *Til.* Alas ! my gentle Nora,

‘ Thy tender youth as yet hath never mourn’d

‘ Love’s fatal dart.—Else would’st thou know,

‘ that when

‘ The soul is sunk in comfortless despair,

‘ It cannot taste of merriment.’

Dan. That’s certain.

‘ *Con.* But see where your stern father comes ;

‘ It is not meet that he should find you thus.’

Puff. Hey ! what the plague !—what a cut is here !—why, what is become of the description of her first meeting with Don Whiskerandos ? His gallant behaviour in the sea fight, and the simile of the canary bird ?

Til. Indeed, sir, you’ll find they will not be miss’d.

Puff. Very well.—Very well !

Til. The cue, ma’am, if you please.

‘ *Con.* It is not meet that he should find you
thus.— [task.

‘ *Til.* Thou counsell’st right, but ’tis no easy

‘ For bare-faced grief to wear a mask of joy.

Enter GOVERNOR, R.H.

‘ *Gov.* How’s this ?—In tears ?—O Tilburina,
shame !

‘ Is this a time for maudling tenderness,

‘ And Cupid’s baby woes ?—Hast thou not heard

‘ That haughty Spain’s Pope-consecrated fleet
 ‘ Advances to our shores, while England’s fate,
 ‘ Like a clipp’d guinea, trembles in the scale !

‘ *Til.* Then, is the crisis of *my* fate at hand !
 ‘ I see the fleet’s approach !—I see—

Puff. Now, pray, gentlemen, mind.—This is one of the most useful figures we tragedy writers have, by which a hero or heroine, in consideration of their being often obliged to overlook things that *are* on the stage, is allow’d to hear and see a number of things that are not.

Sneer. Yes ;—a kind of poetical second-sight !

Puff. Yes ;—now then, madam.

‘ *Til.* I see their decks
 ‘ Are clear’d !—I see the signal made !
 ‘ The line is form’d !—a cable’s length asunder !
 ‘ I see the frigates station’d in the rear ;
 ‘ And now, I hear the thunder of the guns !
 ‘ I hear the victor’s shouts ;—I also hear
 ‘ The vanquished groan !—and now ’tis smoke ;
 —and now

‘ I see the loose sails shiver in the wind !

‘ I see—I see—what soon you’ll see—

‘ *Gov.* Hold, daughter ! peace ! this love hath
 turn’d thy brain :

‘ The Spanish fleet thou *canst* not see—because
 ‘ —It is not yet in sight !’

Dan. Egad tho’, the governor seems to make no allowance for this poetical figure you talk of.

Puff. No, a plain matter-of-fact man ;—that’s his character.

‘ *Til.* But will you then refuse his offer ?

‘ *Gov.* I must—I will—I can—I ought—I do.

‘ *Til.* Think what a noble price.

‘ *Gov.* No more ;—you urge in vain.

‘ *Til.* His liberty is all he asks.’

Sneer. All *who* asks, Mr. Puff? Who is—

Puff. Egad, sir, I can’t tell.—Here has been such cutting and slashing. I don’t know where they have got to myself.

Til. Indeed, sir, you will find it will connect very well.

‘ —And your reward secure.’

Puff. O,—if they hadn’t been so devilish free with their cutting here, you would have found that Don Whiskerandos has been tampering for his liberty, and has persuaded *Tilburina* to make this proposal to her father ;—and now pray observe the conciseness with which the argument is conducted. Egad, the *pro* and *con* goes as smart as hits in a fencing match. It is indeed a sort of small-sword logic, which we have borrowed from the French.

‘ *Til.* A retreat in Spain !

‘ *Gov.* Outlawry here !

‘ *Til.* Your daughter’s prayer !

‘ *Gov.* Your father’s oath !

‘ *Til.* My lover !

‘ *Gov.* My country !

‘ *Til.* *Tilburina* !

‘ *Gov.* England !

‘ *Til.* A title !

‘ *Gov.* Honour !

‘ *Til.* A pension !

‘ *Gov.* Conscience !

‘ *Til.* A thousand pounds !

‘ Gov. Hah ! thou hast touch’d me nearly !’

Puff. There you see ;—she threw in *Tilburina*, Quick, parry cart with *England* !—Hah ! thrust in tierce a title—parried by honour—Hah ! a pension over the arm !—put by by conscience.—Then flankonade with a thousand pounds—and a palpable hit egad !

‘ *Til.* Canst thou—

‘ Reject the *suppliant*, and the *daughter* too ?

‘ *Gov.* No more ; I wou’d not hear thee plead in vain,

‘ The *father* softens,—but the *governor*

‘ Is fix’d !’ [Crosses and Exit, L.H.

Dan. Aye, that antithesis of persons—is a most establish’d figure.

‘ *Til.* ’Tis well,—hence then, fond hopes,

‘ —fond passion, hence ;

‘ Duty, behold, I am all over thine—

‘ *Whisk.* (*Without*, R.H.) Where is my love—my—

‘ *Til.* Ha !

Enter DON WHISKERANDOS, R.H.

‘ *Whisk.* My beauteous enemy !—

Puff. O, dear ma’am, you must start a great deal more than that ; consider, you have just determined in favour of duty,—when, in a moment, the sound of his voice revives your passion,—overthrows your resolution, destroys your obedience.—If you don’t express all that in your start,—you do nothing at all.

Til. Well, we’ll try again !

Dan. Speaking from within, has always a fine effect.

Sneer. Very.

‘ *Whisk.* My conquering Tilburina ! How ! is’t
thus [means

‘ We meet ? Why are thy looks averse ! what

‘ That falling tear,---that frown of boding wo ?

‘ Hah ! now indeed I am a prisoner !

‘ Yes, now I feel the galling weight of these

‘ Disgraceful chains, --which, cruel Tilburina !

‘ Thy doating captive gloried in before.---

‘ But thou art false, and Whiskerandos is undone !

‘ *Til.* O no ; how little dost thou know thy Til-
burina ! [doubts, and fears ;---

‘ *Whisk.* Art thou then true ? Begone cares,

‘ I make you all a present to the winds ;

‘ And if the winds reject you,---try the waves.’

Puff. The wind, you know, is the established receiver of all stolen sighs, and cast-off griefs and apprehensions.

‘ *Til.* Yet must we part ?---Stern duty seals
our doom : [ness,

‘ Though here I call yon conscious clouds to wit-

‘ Could I pursue the bias of my soul,

‘ All friends, all right of parents I’d disclaim,

‘ And thou, my Whiskerandos, should’st be father,

‘ And mother, brother, cousin, uncle, aunt,

‘ And friend to me ! [we part ?

‘ *Whisk.* O matchless excellence !---and must

‘ Well, if---we must---we must---and in that case

‘ The less is said the better.’

Puff. Hey day ! here’s a cut !---What, are all the mutual protestations out ?

Til. Now, pray, sir, don't interrupt us just here; you ruin our feelings.

Puff. Your feelings!—but, zounds, *my* feelings, ma'am!

Sneer. No; pray don't interrupt them.

' *Whisk.* One last embrace.—

' *Til.* Now,—farewell, for ever.

' *Whisk.* For ever!

' *Til.* Aye, for ever.' (Going, R.H.)

Puff. S'death and fury!—Gadslife! sir! Madam, if you go out without the parting look, you might as well dance out ---Here, here!

Con. But pray, sir, how am *I* to get off here?

Puff. You, pshaw! what the devil signifies how *you* get off! edge away at the top, or where you will.---(*Pushes the Confidant out.*) Now ma'am, you see---

Til. We understand you, sir.

' Aye, for ever.

' *Both.* Oh!—

{ *Turning back, and Exeunt, Til. L.H. Whisk. R.H.*

Drop Scene.

Enter UNDER PROMPTER, L.H.

Under P. Sir, the carpenter says it is impossible you can go to the park scene yet.

Puff. The park scene! No;---I mean the description scene here, in the wood.

Under P. Sir, the performers have cut it out.

Puff. Cut it out?

Under P. Yes, sir.

Puff. What! the whole account of queen Elizabeth?

Under P. Yes, sir.

Puff. And the description of her horse and side-saddle?

Under P. Yes, sir.

Puff. So, so, this is very fine indeed! Mr. Hopkins, how the plague could you suffer this?

Prompter. (*From within, L.H.*) Sir, indeed the pruning knife---

Puff. The pruning knife,---zounds the axe! why, here has been such lopping and topping, I shan't have the bare trunk of my play left presently.---Very well, sir---the performers must do as they please, but, upon my soul, I'll print it every word.

Sneer. That I would indeed.

Puff. Very well---sir---then we must go on;---zounds I would not have parted with the description of the horse!---Well, sir, go on.---Sir, it was one of the finest and most laboured things;---Very well, sir, let them go on;---there you had him and his accoutrements from the bit to the crupper;---very well, sir, we must go to the park scene.

Under P. Sir, there is the point;---the carpenters say, that unless there is some business put in here before the drop, they shan't have time to clear away the fort, or sink Gravesend and the river.

Puff. So! this is a pretty dilemma truly!---Gentlemen, you must excuse me;---these fellows will never be ready, unless I go and look after them myself.

Sneer. O dear sir;---these little things will happen---

Puff. To cut out this scene!--but I'll print it ;
---egad, I'll print it every word!

Enter a BEEFEATER, L.H. U.E.

Beef. Perdition catch my soul but *I* do love thee '

Sneer. Haven't I heard that line before ?

Puff. No, I fancy not---Where pray ?

Dan. Yes I think there is something like it in Othello.

Puff. Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is ;---but that's of no consequence ;
---all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought,--- and Shakspeare made use of it first, that's all.

Sneer. Very true.

Puff. Now, sir, your soliloquy ;---but speak more to the pit, if you please ;---the soliloquy always to the pit, that's a rule. [despair,

Beef. Tho' hopeless love finds comfort in
'It never can endure a rival's bliss !

'But soft--I am observ'd.' [*Exit, Beefeater, R.H.*

Dan. That's a very short soliloquy.

Puff. Yes,---but it would have been a great deal longer if he had not been observed.

Sneer. A most sentimental Beefeater that, Mr. Puff.

Puff. Hearkye—I would not have you be too sure that he *is* a Beefeater.

Sneer. What, a hero in disguise ?

Puff. No matter,—I only give you a hint.--- But now for my principal character.---Here he comes ;---Lord Burleigh in person !---Pray, gentlemen, step this way ;---softly---I only hope the Lord High Treasurer is perfect !---If he is but perfect---

Enter BURLEIGH, R.H. goes slowly to a chair and sits.

Sneer. Mr. Puff!

Puff. Hush ! vastly well, sir ! vastly well ! a most interesting gravity !

Dan. What, isn't he to speak at all ?

Puff. Egad, I thought you'd ask me that ;---yes, it is a very likely thing,---that a minister in his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk ;---but hush ! or you'll put him out.

Sneer. Put him out ! how the plague can that be, if he's not going to say any thing ?

Puff. There's a reason ! why, his part is to *think*, and how the plague ! do you imagine he can *think* if you keep talking ?

Dan. That's very true, upon my word !

[*Burleigh comes forward, shakes his head, and exit, R.H.*

Sneer. He is very perfect indeed.---Now, pray what did he mean by that ?

Puff. You don't take it ?

Sneer. No ; I don't upon my soul.

Puff. Why, by that shake of the head, he gave you to understand, that even tho' they had more justice in their cause, and wisdom in their

measures,---yet, if there was not a greater spirit shewn on the part of the people,---the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy.

Sneer. The devil!--did he mean all that by shaking his head.

Puff. Every word of it;---if he shook his head as I taught him.

Dan. Ah! there certainly is a vast deal to be done on the stage by dumb shew, and expression of face, and a judicious author knows how much he may trust to it.

Sneer. O, here are some of our old acquaintance.

Enter SIR C. HATTON and RALEIGH, R.H.

‘*Sir C.* My niece, and *your* niece too!

‘By heav’n! there’s witchcraft in’t.—He could not else

‘Have gain’d their hearts.—But see where they approach;

‘Some horrid purpose low’ring on their brows!

‘*Sir W.* Let us withdraw and mark them.’

(*They withdraw to the Side.*)

Sneer. What is all this?

Puff. Ah! here has been more pruning!—but the fact is, these two young ladies are also in love with Don Whiskerandos.—Now, gentlemen, this scene goes entirely for what we call situation and stage effect, by which the greatest applause may be obtained, without the assistance

of language, sentiment, or character: pray mark!

Enter the two Nieces, L.H. and R.H.

‘ 1 *Niece*. Ellena here!

‘ She is his scorn as much as I;—that is

‘ Some comfort still!’

Puff. O dear madam, you are not to say that to her face!—*aside*, ma’am, *aside*.—‘The whole scene is to be *aside*.

‘ 1 *Niece*. She is his scorn as much as I;—that is
‘ some comfort still! (*Aside*.)

‘ 2 *Niece*. I know he prizes not Pollina’s love,
‘ But Tilburina lords it o’er his heart. (*Aside*.)

‘ 1 *Niece*. But see the proud destroyer of my
peace.

‘ Revenge is all the good I’ve left. (*Aside*.)

‘ 2 *Niece*. He comes, the false disturber of
my quiet.

‘ Now, vengeance, do thy worst.— (*Aside*.)

Enter WHISKERANDOS, R.H.U.E.

‘ *Whisk*. O, hateful liberty,—if thus in vain
‘ I seek my Tilburina!

‘ *Both Nieces*. And ever shalt!

(*Sir Christopher, and Sir Walter come forward*.)

‘ *Both*. Hold! we will avenge you.

Whisk. Hold you—or see your nieces bleed!

(*The two Nieces draw their two daggers to strike
Whiskerandos; the two Uncles at the instant,
with their two swords drawn, catch their two*

Nieces' arms, and turn the points of their swords to Whiskerandos, who immediately draws two daggers, and holds them to the two Nieces' bosoms.)

Puff. There's situation for you! there's an heroic group!—You see the ladies can't stab Whiskerandos;—he durst not strike them for fear of their uncles;—the uncles durst not kill him, because of their nieces.—I have them all at a dead lock!—for every one of them is afraid to let go first.

Sneer. Why, then they must stand there for ever.

Puff. So they would, if I hadn't a very fine contrivance for't.—Now mind—

Enter BEEFEATER, with his Halbert, R.H.

' Beef. In the queen's name I charge you all to drop

' Your swords and daggers!'

(They drop their swords and daggers.)

Sneer. That is a contrivance indeed.

Puff. Ay;—in the queen's name.

' Sir C. Come niece!

' Sir W. Come niece!

[Exeunt, with the two nieces, L.H.]

' Whisk. What's he who bids us thus renounce our guard?

' Beef. Thou must do more,—renounce thy love!

' Whisk. Thou liest;—base Beefeater!

' Beef. Ha! hell! the lie!

‘ By heav’n, thou’st rous’d the lion in my heart !

‘ Off yeoman’s habit !—base disguise ! off ! off !

(Discovers himself, by throwing off his upper dress, and appearing in a very fine waistcoat.)

‘ Am I Beefeater now ?

‘ Or beams my crest as terrible as when

‘ In Biscay’s bay I took thy captive sloop ?

Puff. There, egad ! he comes out to be the very captain of the privateer who had taken Whiskerandos prisoner ;—and was himself an old lover of Tilburina’s.

Dan. Admirably manag’d indeed.

Puff. Now, stand out of their way.

‘ *Whisk.* I thank thee, Fortune ! that hast thus bestow’d

‘ A weapon to chastise this insolent.

(Takes up one of the swords.)

‘ *Beef.* I take thy challenge, Spaniard, and I thank

‘ Thee, Fortune, too !’

(Takes up the other sword.)

Dan. That’s excellently contrived ! it seems as if the two uncles had left their swords on purpose for them.

Puff. No egad, they could not help leaving them.

‘ *Whisk.* Vengeance and Tilburina !

‘ *Beef.* Exactly so— *(They fight,—and after the usual number of wounds given, Whiskerandos falls.)*

‘ *Whisk.* O cursed parry !—that last thrust in tierce

‘ Was fatal ;—Captain, thou hast fenced well !

‘ And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
 ‘ For all eter—(*Dies.*)

‘ *Beef.* —nity—He would have added, but
 stern death

‘ Cut short his being, and the noun at once !’

Puff. O, my dear sir, you are too slow.—Now
 mind me.—

Sir, shall I trouble you to die again ?

(*Whisk. rises.*)

‘ *Whisk.* And Whiskerandos quits this bustling
 scene

‘ For all eter—

‘ *Beef.* —nity—He would have added—

Puff. No, sir,—that’s not it ;—once more if
 you please—

Whisk. I wish, sir,—you would practice this
 without me.—

I can’t stay dying here all night.

Puff. Very well, we’ll go over it by and by :
 —I must humour these gentlemen.

[*Exit Whiskerandos, R.H.*]

‘ *Beef.* Farewell,—brave Spaniard ! and when
 next—

Puff. Dear sir, you needn’t speak that speech,
 as the body has walked off.

Beef. That’s true, sir—then I’ll join the fleet.

Puff. If you please. [*Exit Beefeater, R.H.*]

Now, who comes on ?—Tilburina ! stark mad, in
 white satin ?—

Sneer. Why in white satin ?

Puff. O Lord, sir,—when a heroine goes mad,
 she always goes into white satin ;—Don’t she,
 Dangle ?

Dan. Always ;—it's a rule.

Puff. Yes—here it is,—(*Looking at the book.*)
 ‘ Enter Tilburina stark mad, in white satin, and
 her confidant stark mad, in white linen.’

Enter TILBURINA and CONFIDANT, R.H. mad, according to costume.

Sneer. But what the deuce, is the confidant to be mad too.

Puff. To be sure she is ;—the confidant is always to do whatever her mistress does ; weep when she weeps, smile when she smiles, go mad when she goes mad.—Now madam confidant,—but keep your madness in the back ground, if you please.

‘ Til The wind whistles—the moon rises—see,
 ‘ They have kill’d my squirrel in his cage !
 ‘ Is this a grasshopper !—Ha ! no, it is my
 ‘ Whiskerandos—you shall not keep him—
 ‘ I know you have him in your pocket—
 ‘ An oyster may be cross’d in love !—Who says
 ‘ A whale’s a bird ?—Ha ! did you call, my love ?
 ‘ —He’s here ! He’s there !—He’s every where !
 ‘ Ah me ! He’s no where.’

[*Exeunt Tilburina, and Confidant, R.H.*

Puff. There, do you ever desire to see any body madder than that ?

Sneer. Never while I live !

Puff. You observed how she mangled the metre !

Dan. Yes,—egad, it was the first thing made me suspect she was out of her senses.

Sneer. And pray what becomes of her?

Puff. She is gone to throw herself into the sea to be sure;—and that brings us at once to the scene of action, and so to my catastrophe,—my sea-fight, I mean.

Sneer. What, you bring that in at last?

Puff. Yes,—yes;—you know my play is called the *Spanish Armada*, otherwise, egad, I have no occasion for the battle at all.—Now then for my magnificence!—my battle!—my noise!—and my procession!—You are all ready?

Prom. (Within.) Yes, sir.

Puff. Is the Thames drest?

Enter THAMES, L.H. with two Attendants.

Thames. Here I am, sir.

Puff. Very well indeed.—See, gentlemen, there's a river for you!—This is blending a little of the masque with my tragedy;—a new fancy, you know,—and very useful in my case; for as there *must be a procession*, I suppose Thames and all his tributary rivers to compliment Britannia with a fête in honour of the victory.

Sneer. But pray, who are these gentlemen in green with him?

Puff. Those?—Those are his banks.

Sneer. His banks?

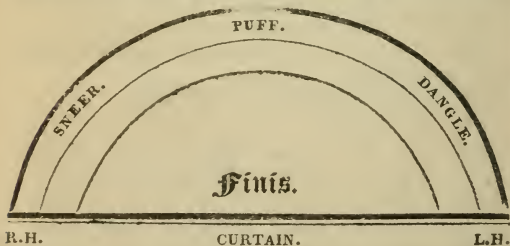
Puff. Yes, one crown'd with alders, and the other with a villa!—you take the allusions?—But hey! what the plague! you have got both your banks on one side.—Here, sir, come round.—Ever while you live, Thames, go between

your banks. (*Bell rings.*)—There, soh! now for't!—Stand aside, my dear friends!—away Thames!

[*Exit Thames between his banks, R.H.*
(*Flourish of drums—trumpets—cannon, &c. &c.*
Scene changes to the sea—the fleets engage—the music plays ‘*Britons strike home.*’—Spanish fleet destroyed by fireships, &c.—English fleet advances—music plays ‘*Rule Britannia.*’—The procession of all the English rivers and their tributaries with their emblems, &c. begins with Handel’s water music, ends with a chorus, to the march in *Judas Maccabæus.*—During this scene, Puff directs and applauds every thing—then.)

Puff Well, pretty well;—but not quite perfect;—so ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we’ll rehearse this piece again to-morrow.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.





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